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Series 1, Box 2: Correspondence with individuals (D-H).

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10 June 1988

Dear Donald Davie:

What an original, interesting, and broad-gauged piece you did on me! I'm here to say that the observations were true and exact and that ~~the~~ the general ideas to which you showed that they belong, enlarged one's understanding. What gave me the greatest satisfaction.... how strong that was I didn't realize until you brought it out...was your opinion at the end that I belonged "not in the margin but near to the center of what should be seen internationally as distinctively American in twentieth century culture." I knew, of course, that I was in the general neighborhood but not how far in, nor how much of me lay there.

How different Zukofsky and I were in that regard! When he saw my first Americana poem, I remember he dismissed ~~it~~ it as a mistake. "That isn't you," he wrote. Not surprising, perhaps, in someone who hardly ever in his whole life set foot outside New York City. There is no sense of an American place, therefore, in his work, or an American voice, the voice and character I grew up with in the Middle West. There are several American voices in New York City, of course....Reznikoff evokes one of them in his street observations....but LZ was not interested.

You may be right. Maybe I should have paid more attention to my versification. In any case, you'll see where my problem lies in the enclosed few observations I made last month for a symposium on new forms at St. Mark's Poetry Project in New York.

Again, a helluva review! I owe you one.

23 May 1984

L.S. Denbo
Dear Larry: *editor of Contemporary Literature*

I was cheered to see your name as editor on a recent promotional piece for Contemporary Literature. Let me first say something to you in that capacity. I understand from my current publisher, The National Poetry Foundation, that my new book, COLLECTED PROSE, has been sent to the magazine for review. If it is going to be assigned to someone, or has already been assigned, let me add this little book, SPIRITUS, I, published in England last year. It will give the reviewer more to work with. I have added one copy for you personally.

How basic and important your interviews with us in Madison have become. With each year more and more sacrosanct. I remember your saying when you finished mine, with a satisfied smile, that we had now concluded a historic event. I thought that was a nice compliment indeed but vastly overblown. I didn't feel "historic" at all. But you were right. You had seen the thing clearly, and you deserve the credit for being, if I'm not mistaken, the first academic to do so. I salute you.

All the best,

Carl

28 June 1984

L.B. Dembo

Dear Larry:

Re-reading in your letter, "a full-scale article on your work would be in order, if we could find a good person to do it," I can suggest two, Burton Hatlen and Andrew Crozier. Hatlen did something similar for my prose in his critical postscript at the end of my COLLECTED PROSE book, and Crozier wrote the piece on me for THE DICTIONARY OF CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY and has been a close student of my work since 1965. Hatlen, I notice, has an article on Zukofsky in Contemporary Literature, so you know his work. He can be reached at the University of Maine at Orono, 04467. Crozier teaches at the University of Sussex. His address is Bridges Farmhouse, Laughton, Lewes, East Sussex, England. They would write very different articles, yet both, in very different ways, on the mark. Let me know if you decide to ask either of them.

Michael Heller would be another possibility but he has a chapter on my work in his forthcoming book on the Objectivists and has probably written himself out on the subject, for the time being. There is also Martin J. Rosenblum, who did his doctoral dissertation on my Americana poems. He's at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee and is working presently on a critical biography of me for The National Poetry Foundation. Whether any part of that would be suitable for an article I don't know, but I'd leave him for last.

Leah and I moved here six years ago, while we still had the energy and the will to make the change. Prior to that, we had been making winter-long pilgrimages to Oaxaca, Mexico, where the climate is divine. While the climate here is too sharp for that, it is, as everyone knows, even as far away as ~~Mexas~~ Jerusalem, where someone told me, one of the most interesting cities in the world. Even its ocean weather is interesting. Are you thinking of a warmer climate for yourself when you retire?

It would be nice to see you again. I'll be back in Minneapolis next May for a reading, along with readings in Chicago and Milwaukee, but Madison is still too far away for just dropping in. I'm sorry.

What with Parkinson's, I can't wish you "good" health, so let me say, "the best possible health."

23 Jan. 1986

L.S. Dembo

Dear Larry:

I wonder if you'd mind doing something for me? Could you get in touch with whoever is curator of the the rare books and ~~manuscript~~ manuscript section of the university library and find out if the Library would be interested in purchasing my archives? I would like to see them housed at...and in...Wisconsin, where so much of my life was spent. If the Library is interested and has the funds, I'll send them an inventory.

Did Burton Hatlen ever get around to writing the piece on me for CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE?

Affectionately,

RECEIVED
JAN 24 1986
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON
WISCONSIN

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving Street, San Francisco, California 94122

13 January 1987

L. S. Dembo, Editor of Contemporary Literature

Dear Larry:

Lawrence Fixel, the author of THE SCALE OF SILENCE and THE BOOK OF GLIMMERS, has been an interested and what I would call a philosophical reader of my work for a long time. When my COLLECTED POEMS came out recently, he immediately took off and responded with an essay that I find unusually illuminating, partly, I think, because he grappled with the subject head-on, without thinking in terms of categories and comparisons, the usual way; but mostly because he is a solid thinker. I find it so good, in fact, that I am passing it on to you myself for possible inclusion in Contemporary Literature. I'm sending it to your residence because I don't have the magazine's current address on the campus. Hope you don't mind.

1986 was a hard year for Leah and me. She found she had lymphoma in February. At first it looked as if she had only one malignant node, so she went through a long, wearing course of radiation therapy. At the end of this, however, the cancer showed up in other places, so now she's in the midst of chemotherapy, whose medications have to be as powerful as the malignancy in order to rebuff it. Hence its side effects on Leah have been drastic beyond description, as bad as the illness itself. All this has had us in its maw. To say more would only depress you. Maybe 1987 will be kinder. On that note all the best to the two of you in the new year.

Carl

P.S. Lawrence Fixel's address is 1496 Willard Street, San Francisco, CA. 94117

*Returned Unopened by Post Office, marked,
Expired*

20 Aug. 1988

Dear Victor di Suvero:

Enclosed is the bio, a photo, and a poem. But no poetic statement. Do I need to say why?

The preliminary program sounds fine. I wonder, however, about the omission of the language poets. Much as I dislike, detest in fact, a couple of them and their preposterous claims, the group as a whole has established itself as a historical movement and to leave them out is to raise questions about the NPA itself and why it's doing it when its theme is Many ~~Voices~~ Voices-One Heart, problems you don't need.

Best,

23 March 1985

Don
Dear Ed:

I could use your help with something. The NEA is offering two senior fellowships for literature next year which are described in the Guidelines as being for "individuals who have made an extraordinary contribution to American literature over a lifetime of creative work" and "who have expanded the boundaries of our literary heritage in work that has taken place at the vital growing edge of literature. Their continued presence on the literary landscape is invaluable to younger writers." Commendable words, then, but the judges would have to be of equal calibre to recognize such a person when they saw him. In any case, the description sounds more than a bit like me, but how is a panel of conservative judges to know this? I'll be lucky if they've heard my name.

Anyhow, the fellowships are by nomination only and the deadline was March 1. I was nominated before the deadline but there will "senior" writers competing for these two fellowships who will be far better known to the panel of judges than I, people like Robert Penn Warren and Stanley Kunitz. I am sure, therefore, that I'll need additional supporting evidence and testimony from others in order to get anywhere with the judges.

The fellowship stipend, as you may know, is quite large and would make a sizable difference in our day to day budget. If it would not be an imposition, therefore, and you would be willing to write in support of my nomination, I'd be very grateful. The address is: Literature Program, National Endowment for the Arts, Nancy Hanks Center, 1100 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506.

When, oh when, are we going to see you again?

Affectionately,

26 April 1985

Dorn
Dear Ed:

Bless you for the letter to NEA. I am protected by the fact that by the time the winners are announced next spring, I will have forgotten that I was nominated, so I won't feel bad that somebody else got it.

I too have been and am going on the road: two days in Baton Rouge at LSU in February, where I had a chance to visit with Ed Sanders, Andre Codrescu, Rodger Kamenetz, and twoddrrinking buddies of Anselm Hollo from Baltimore, and in May will go to Chicago, Milwaukee, and New York, where I'll read from Poe at the Poe-Melville celebrations at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (never did this kind of thing before), talk about the Objectivists at NYU (never did that before either), and read at St. Mark's and the 63d St. YMCA. Leah will be with me in N.Y. for five days, then on to two weeks with my daughter, granddaughters, and old friends in Minneapolis. Should be fun.

Poor Robert Duncan has been very ill, very ill. It's sad to see. He's coming for brunch tomorrow and I'll know more. David Meltzer is also gravely ill, from a different cause. I was with him in Baton Rouge. He suffers in silence but his face shows it. Sad!

What do you hear from Jeremy Prynne? I hear occasionally from Andrew Crozier but never from Jeremy.

You've been getting big kicks I'm sure over Reagan's discomfiture in the last few days. Isn't it great? Somebody, they say Pat Buchanan's speech writer, opened a man-hole and Reagan just dropped in but his not-quite-so-confident smile remains above surface and his words show that he still doesn't know what happened. It was a long time a-comin and it may not mean much but we may be lucky and it may.

All the best,

8 June 1985

Dear Ed;

With your fine scalpel and discriminating ~~xxx~~ understatement, you've written a very persuasive letter. The judges won't even know they've been insulted in the last paragraph, since it will not occur to them that they belong among those who lack the intelligence to recognize Rakosi's worth, and the message they will be getting is that if they vote for me, they will be demonstrating their superior intelligence, and if they don't, God help them! they will show that they are not one of the cognoscentè. Bravo! and thanks.

In his last letter before taking off on his safari, which will include, I imagine, a visit with Jeremy ^{Prynn} in Cambridge, Anselm ^{Hollo} wrote that he was joining you in the writing program in the fall. I envy you his company (and hope he'll be able to stay off the booze).

Affectionately,

P.S. I had no idea Olson even knew my work, let alone use it in the curriculum. What a pleasant surprise!

126 Irving Street, San Francisco, CA 94122

15 Oct. 1988

15 Oct. 1988

Druggan
Dear Laurie:

This note of acknowledgment should have been sent a couple of weeks ago when August dropped off a copy of your forthcoming (I hope) SCRIPSI review of my COLLECTED POEMS. In general I'm touched no end by your "spiritual" identification with my work, so much so that at the end I thought to myself, "He's got it! By George, he's got it!" And I exulted when you were most perceptive, as in your treatment of my "I"...that was a knockout...., my creating forms as I go along, and the way you summ^{ed} it up at the end with a quotation from The China Policy. Lovely!

So, L'Chayim to you and Rosalind too (assuming that you meant to send me one in the title of your review) and hugs.

Carl Rakosi

6/17/78

Dear Robert:

Duncan

A week or so ago I got a call from Grace Schulman at the Poetry Center of the YM-YWHA inviting me to give a reading in April. She didn't have enough money for transportation, so I suggested that she get in touch with Louis Simpson, in view of the interest he had expressed in San Francisco in having us return to Stony Brook for a joint program. Today I learned from her office that Simpson can muster only \$200 for each of us but that Montclair State College in New Jersey does have money and she's going to see if they'd be interested in having us on some program that would pay for our transportation, lodgings and a fee (I insisted on all ~~three~~ three). The YM-Ywha will be able to pay us each \$200.

I'm excited at the thought of a public dialogue with you at various universities, which would open up some topics in which we are interested. If Montclair State College can come through with transportation & fees, we'd have the necessary financial base and could go ahead and try to pull other places into our itinerary, places where you are known and always welcome, and the few where I have a bit of a connection, such as the University of Chicago, the University of Wisconsin (Madison and/or Milwaukee), the University of Colorado; even my poker buddies in the English Dept. at the University of Minnesota?

When I got through talking with Grace Schulman, irresistible subjects of all kinds immediately popped into my mind: 1. the metaphor; 2. the independence/personality/inscrutability, etc. of language; 3. the psychology of the poet (I have additional ideas on this), and what difference it makes. There were other ideas but they were knocked out of my head by the frustrating, depressing experience we've been having in trying to seal our house. Anyhow, I wanted to bring you up to date and at the same time find out how you felt about all this.

4. accident in writing

We miss you and Jess very much.

Affectionately,

29 May 82

Dear Carl--

I feel I have some things still to talk about, after our brief and tantalizing meeting at George and Mary's. My stay was very busy, as I'm sure yours was in NYC; I'd wanted to call just to see if we could have lunch, but it never worked out. Maybe next time! But I'd still like to say some things, if you will bear with me.

We never talked about your poetry--I wanted to. Your poem The City startled me when I read it--tickled and impressed. I liked enormously the sense of the city as a production! a production in many senses of the word, including the vaudeville (sec. 3), and the connections of commerce (the section with the little goat, #2, is wonderful), and ^{the} laboratory/factory. I think the most astonishing lines for sheer insouciance and brilliance ~~are~~ ones in section 5 which begin "I saw the city/ changed" and end "a physics clear as alcohol,/ La Vita Nuova, I hardly knew." And the list of all ~~the~~ makers/makirs/fakers/fakirs ~~xxxx~~ at the end well, the ~~ad~~directions and crossings through which things come (milk) and are produced (chemicals). What is made. Who have made it. Including stories and facts and beautiful objets.

Some of the approaches to language ^{in Amulet} intrigued me for the simple and solipsistic reason that I've been doing similar things. Such as:

the Bird pirrika pirrika prrrk
ia ia

or

to their shh of vapors and their vowel ooo

Somehow making sounds, making not-sense sound: so crossing the barrier between "language" and what we do not hear as our language because it is "just" sound--all this has become important to me in a way I could never have predicted. As an English teacher, very sturdy and straight when it comes to grammar, I am even more amazed that sometimes I will put bits of ungrammatical language in poems--dialect forms, or invented forms. Little bits, not whole chunks, so that the tension between the syntactic and the non-syntactic is retained and causes.....something...in the reader.

I've also wanted to say how much I am moved whenever I read your comment on George, about knowing each other as if for a whole life from one long brotherly connection, one night.

You know, probably, that I'm trying to collect correspondence by George, for a possible book (selected letters, something of the sort). The last I'd heard, your papers were at a bookshop, but now it appears that you have them back. Do you suppose it would be possible for you to provide xerox copies of the letters? dated? with annotations if they are obscure? Although the project is just perking along now (I have not gone into high gear with it), I am eager to encourage folks to respond ~~it~~--do you think it's possible? I would be very eager to see the letters, and all fair use will be made of them.

and best to Leah

warmly,

~

Rachel

6/17/82

Blau D. Ross's
Dear Rachel:

Just back from a long visit with my daughter and her family in Minneapolis.

About George's *open's* letters, I have had only five or six in all, all in recent years, each only a few sentences long, either praising particular poems of mine or acknowledging praise from me for poems of his. I enclose copies of two as examples. In the one addressed to Carl R, he is writing about my poem, LEAH, which he first saw in Sumac and which ~~he~~ later appeared in my book, ERE-VOICE. You'll see if you refer to the poem that he uses five direct quotations from *(without quotation marks)* it to make up his message; and in the last line, writing, "despite the owl and the lizard and meat," he is referring to specific poems in ERE-VOICE in which I have an owl, a lizard and beef. And when he says, "Interesting to think of this, these poems, as extensions of your remarks in Madison," he is referring to the now well-known interviews which Dembo had with Zukofsky, Reznikoff, George and me at different times at the University of Wisconsin in 1968 (Contemporary Literature, Spring 1969).

What I find interesting about this letter is that he composes it like a poem, starting with a few basic givens. The spacing itself suggests that. The same is true of the second letter, which was, I think, a response to the publication of ERE-VOICE in 1971. In the prose section of my book, EX CRANIUM, NIGHT, I reflect on this comment of his and what would have happened had I ended the poem where he thought I should have.

These letters were written, I believe, before we met. We met for the first time in the early 1970's when I gave a reading at San Francisco State and stayed at his house. That's why he says with amusement, "notice ~~xxx~~ again that J. Laughlin takes us as friends of 35 years." Afterwards, he and Mary used to phone me in Minneapolis when they felt excited about a new poem or book, *and the congratulatory letters ended.* The other few letters from George are in my archives at the Houghton Library at Harvard. They're too fragmentary, in my opinion, to be useful, but if you'd like to see for yourself, you're welcome to do it. The person to get in touch with at the Library is Rodney G. Dennis, Curator of Manuscripts (Cambridge zip: 02138).

How well I know what you mean in your comments about language. I always had a deep urge in that direction but the Depression and my professional

life as a social worker and psychotherapist plus my insatiable interest in human beings deflected me. I wish I had gone further. I knew what you were up to when I read your poem, SELVEDGE, in Montemora and another in Shearsman (?) and told George and Mary. They had not read them.

Your deep reading and absorption in The City was very gratifying.
Thank you.

Keep in touch,

16 May 84

Dear Carl and Leah--

with the churlishness (or is it innocent busy-ness?) of the young, I don't know if I ever acknowledged your sending me 2 letters by George for the Selected Letters. Which I am now again actively working on, and which I hope to see thru, now, all the way thru to publication.

(As for "young" soon I shall have to stop talking like that, too)

A lot has been going on here. You may know, thru Mary, that we have a new (to-be-adopted) baby. Kore Simone. We got her at 3 days. She has been legally relinquished, now. And what a great baby! Also, a few months back of that, I finally completed the add-now-cut syndrome for Indiana U.P. which is doing a book of mine, and approved the copy-editing.

I appreciated your strong letter, and the intricate marginal notes which I could never have reconstructed--I mean, for circumstances I could not have reconstructed.

What I am finding in doing these letters is a few patterns: one is the letter/poem that you refer to. Gnostic gems spaced on page. And phrases that imply a whole context, a relationship (as you noted) so that they are allusive even within a life, to a recipient. Poem/letters which seem to use the p space and distance filled with filiations as part of the medium in which the words enter.

Then there are adamantly philosophic/argumentative letters, ones which define a position. Often these, too, begin in a relationship, in a discussion, and that discussion is continued by mail. George takes the opportunity to define his position on something by arguing, not nec. with the philosophers, but with the individuals in his life who hold a certain position.

There are also letters which seem to be written as extension of certain poems. Sometimes I get the sense that the letters come before, after and during the composition of the poems, and are quite tied to those poems. It is not clear to me ~~why~~ (esp. because most of the correspondence is completely undated) whether a ~~phrase~~ phrase from a poem appears first in a letter, and then is discovered there for the poem, or whether a phrase from a current poem enters a letter to be presented, or tested, there. But some strong bond between poems and letters is clear.

You may also be interested to know that GO made rough drafts of some of his letters. In the letter file which I saw last year in CA, there is one more letter, apparently to you, Carl. I had a poor Xerox, so then I transcribed it also. Do you remember whether it was sent (O I am enclosing a Xerox of the transcription)? Or what illumination you can give about the context?

You asked whether I have Ere-Voice or Ex Cranium, Nights. Neither, I am sorry to say.

Also, I will write to Rodney Dennis at Houghton, since I think it would be good to see the other materials.

Next letter will be sooner. As soon as a little chapbook called Gypsy/Moth is published, I will send you a copy.

all best. R.W.

It transpired that in SF -
Thus the use of Mary's typewriter!

Blau Du Plessis

21 May 1984

Dear Rachel:

Yes, I had heard from Mary that you were going to adopt a baby and I marvelled at your spirit in having another go at it, with all your necessary absorption in writing and teaching, but it too, ~~xx~~ of course, is one of the great self-fulfillments and now that you have started, it will make a place for itself, willy nilly, in your life which is already full.

Is your Indiana U book the feminist one you've been working on?

About George's letter: it sounds like something I might have received but I am not sure because I am so familiar with the way he thinks that reading it in your copy, it feels as if I might have received it. If I did, I must not have made a copy for myself. On the other hand the question ^{mark} ~~mark~~ under exotixism indicates that he questioned what he was saying and that he might not, therefore, have sent this particular letter but a different one; or ~~xxx~~ he might have simply called me long distance....he often did that. when he wanted to tell me that a particular poem gave him particular pleasure. Other things suggest this too: 1. Fluteplayers from Finmarken (in AMULET) was his favorite poem. He would have thought twice, therefore, about sending me an opposing thought, that he preferred the commonplace. Fluteplayers may have been elegant, he often referred that way to my work, but exotic was gging too far, and ~~xx~~ there was no point in making a dichotomy except to defend his preference for the commonplace and I don't hink he would have done that with me; 2. the letter is incomplete. George never ended a letter to me like that; and 3. it's a little more critical than George felt it right to be with me.

The letter seems to be either a response to my book, EX CRANIUM, NIGHT, which came out in 1975, or to a group of poems from that book which appeared earlier in some magazine. That is certain because the line he quotes, "O eternal/ is its element" is from ~~ap~~ a poem on p.148 of the book.

His reference in paragraph 1 is to the University of Wisconsin interviews conducted by Dembo with Zukofsky, Reznikoff, Oppen and me. With regard to the contents of that paragraph, yes, I would have agreed that depth is the way a poem expresses its deepest meaning but I would not have leaped from that to "human." When you use that word, you're in a different order.

Keep in touch,



We look so cozy

Leah and I are on the left.
The photo was taken on the
steps to ~~the~~ Offen's apartment
on Polk St. in San Francisco
circa 1979. Mary Offen is on
the right.

CR



We look so cozy

Love,

Omney

MARY OPPEN
2811 Polk Street
San Francisco, Calif. 94109



Rakosi

4451 Colfax Ave.

Minneapolis Minn

~~35409~~

30 Dec 85

Dear Carl (e Leah) - just back from 4 months in the Netherlands... found your card.



YES indeed, with many thanks.
I am still collecting and
collecting, and would like
very much to see your 10
letters from George. (We're
home now, so just send them
on) with warm regards,
Bechet

Printed in U.S.A.

Dr Carl Rokosi
128 Irving St
San Francisco
CA 94122

Armorial Carpet, Spanish, c. 1425. Wool. Joseph Lees
Williams Memorial Collection

©1976 Philadelphia Museum of Art



Blair Du Plessis

17 Jan. 1986

Dear Rachel:

Problems, problems. When I wrote you about George's letters, I forgot that after his death, Mary and I had an ~~xyxy~~ angry falling-out over a piece I had written about George's last days during his illness. I'm pretty sure, under the circumstances, that she wouldn't want his letters to me included in your collection, and since she has rights over their use, we'd better not go ahead until you've checked it out with her.

Fondly,

19 June 86

Dear Carl--

Please forgive the outrageous delay in responding to your letter of 16 Jan. I take full responsibility for it. I got puzzled by your letter, and wanted to talk it over with Mary. (Also I had a rugged semester when coming back from Nijmegen, but that's somewhat beside the point.)

Basically, I didn't want to be involved in any falling-out that you and Mary had. It seemed unlikely that Mary would deny the use of all of your letters from George, and in fact, she wouldn't.

So you are free to send me the ¹⁰ letters to which you alluded in November (when I was abroad, and without any of my GO file). It is entirely up to you what you would like to do. Of course any further letters would complete the record in positive ways.

I am now involved in cataloguing a large stack of Oppen letters--arranging by date as best I can. It's a pretty high stack--there were about 100 plus correspondents, and I had over 700 letters before I received June's--then I stopped counting. Each--almost each--letter is of high interest.

warmly,

Ray Blou Du Plessis

all best to Leah

Blair Duffless

7.16.86

Dear Rachel:

I'm delighted to hear that you have well over 700 letters of George's. What a book that will make!

I could have sworn I had ten letters. It turns out I have only eight. Maybe two will show up later.

Best,

Carl

28 July 86

Dear Carl - Thank you.

In any number of ways,
including the excellent
notes. I've had a fine
& scattered (!) summer, with
some real 'hits' in the
poetry, some deep delight
in George. On the eve of
our vacation. cordially

Die alten Worpsweder Meister

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)

Säugling mit der Hand der Mutter, um 1904/05

Original in der Kunsthalle Bremen

warm regards to Leah



Verlag Haus am Weyerberg, Worpsweder



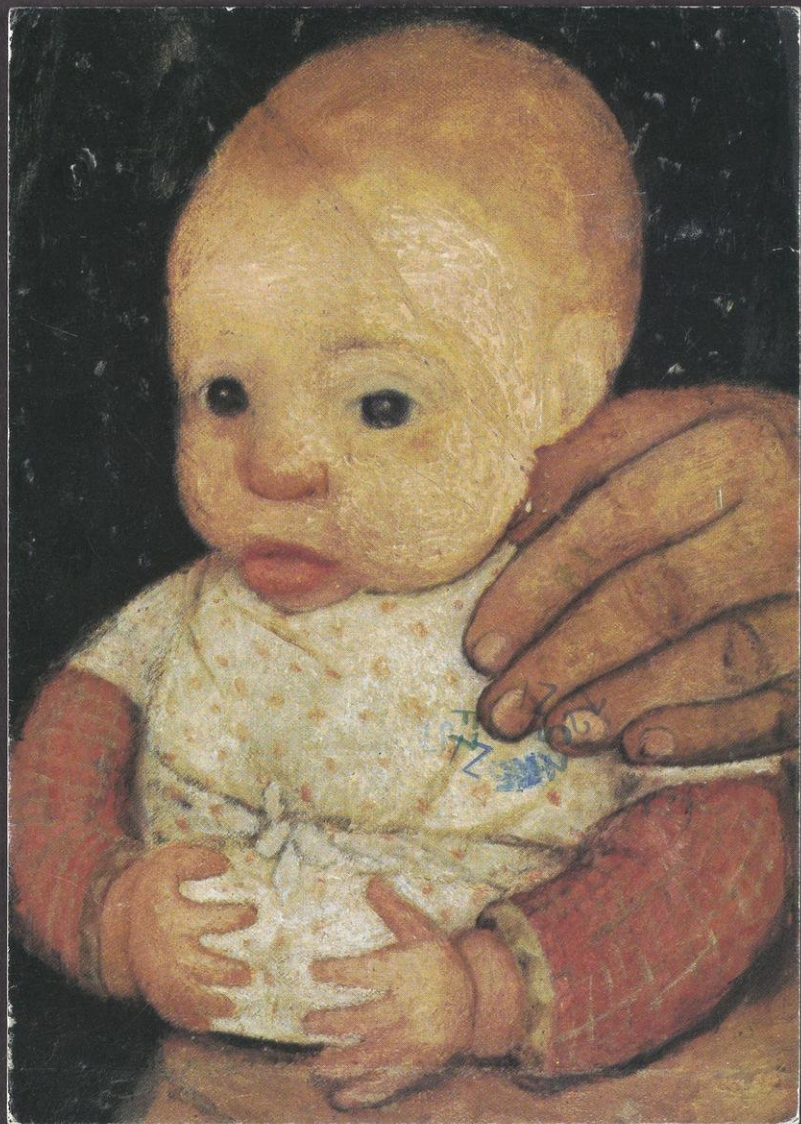
Carl Rokosi

128 Irving St

San Francisco

CA 94122

Rachel Blandu Plessis





TEMPLE UNIVERSITY
A Commonwealth University

College of Arts and Sciences
Department of English

Humanities Building
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122

10 February 1987

Dear Carl,

I am preparing a brief biographical/bibliographical statement on you as part of the ongoing preparation of the edition of George Oppen's letters. To maximize the amount of information I have on which to build your biographical notes, my research assistant and I are kindly requesting that you send us your curriculum vitae or resumé, if available.

Could you please give some indication on your vita of where you were, especially your publications, when you first met and/or corresponded with George, or tell us in as much detail as possible about your publications and projects at the time the correspondence began? It would be nice to know why it began, under what circumstances and conditions, although sometimes that is stated in your letters or George's. We've appended a few questions for everyone to answer.

If there is something you would especially care to have included in the bio, please mention it. We will be happy to submit a copy of the note for your approval, but ask that you let us know if you want this option.

If there is an extant entry on you in a biographical/bibliographical reference text or encyclopedia that you like and would prefer us to consult either in addition to your vita, or as a substitution, please send a citation to help us find it, or a copy of the entry, if this is more convenient. As this portion of the project proceeds, we may need to contact you again. Enclosed is a prepared mailing label for your convenience in responding now.

We are happy to report that we are in the process of contract negotiation with a fine, but at this writing still prospective, publisher.

Thank you very much for your time and assistance, once again. With gratitude and hope that all is well with you,

Sincerely,

Rachel Blau DuPlessis



English Department
Eastern Michigan University
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197
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Sulfur

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11 December 1987

Dear Carl--

a simple note, saying I like your work (have always!) and
would like to consider some work for Sulfur.

I would love to see a sheaf of work from you, a bundle
suitable for gleaning through and passing on to Clayton
Eshleman, the editor.

The due date is early-mid January to get things to me.

I very much hope to see work from you.

warmly,

Rachel

Rachel Blau DuPlessis
211 Rutgers Avenue
Swerthmore PA 19081

Blair Du Plessis's

15 Dec. 1987

Dear Rachel:

Sorry, I have no new poetry to send
SULFUR but I do have a part of an autobiography
that it could use. Before I send it, however, wd.
you mind checking with Clayton ^{Eckleman} to make sure that
he'd like something in this genre in the magazine.

How's the new baby?

All the best,



Parent and Child

KORE

as you see.

wem).

Bles

from Rachel Bland Daplessis

Dear Carl —

how interesting to
move just a little ways!

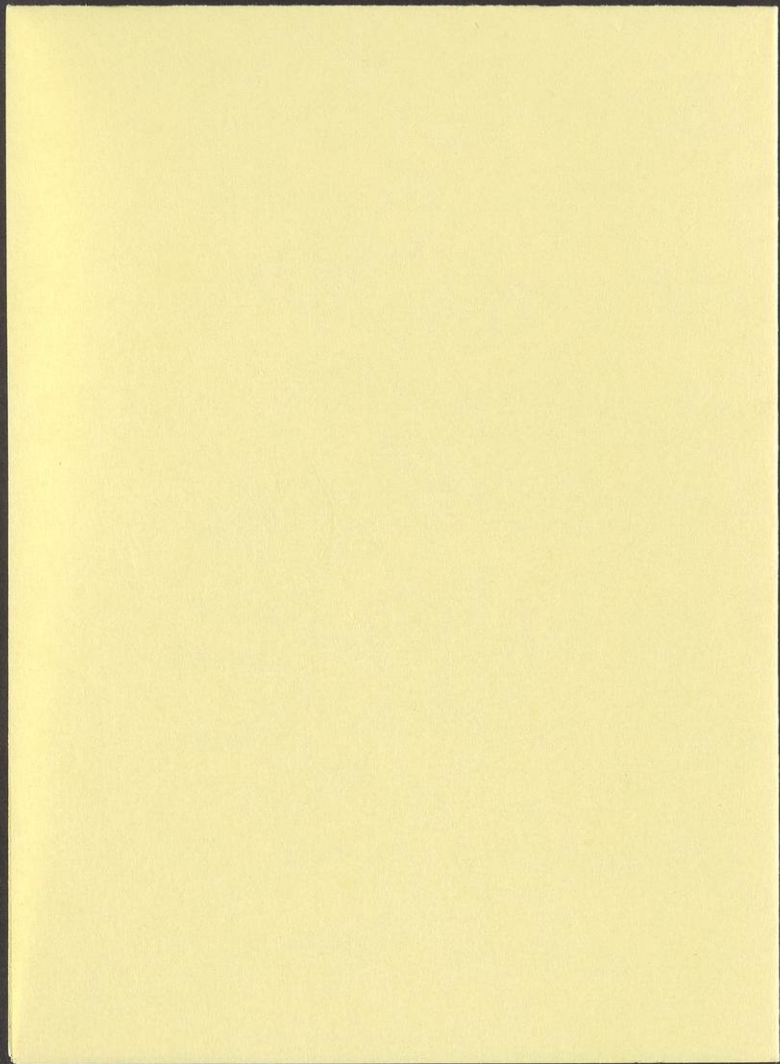
I wrote to Clayton RE
autobiography & he will

tell me soon. Our

'baby' will be 4 in

February & can draw

& write her name —



21 August 1988

Dear Friends and Colleagues:

In the course of preparing the Selected Letters of George Oppen, I have come to the moment to ask you to check your brief biographical note.

Although you had not indicated that you would like to see it, I would greatly appreciate your corrections and additions.

The format of the note is succinct for all contributors; birth date is given, along with profession (e.g. poet, professor); the name of your teaching institution (if relevant). Most important is a list of your books, along with their dates of publication.

If you would like other books emphasized, if the information I have can be updated with recent publications, if something is wrong or if, in your view, something should be added to more justly describe you in a public manner, please let me know as soon as you possibly can. I am enclosing an address label for your convenience.

Sincerely yours,

Ruby B. D. Pleiss
Rachel Blau Du Pleiss

Dworkin
Dear Marc:

Well, here it is, & bon voyage!

Since you won't be printing unpublished poems, please credit after each poem: from COLLECTED POEMS, The National Poetry Foundation.

Who is Yizhar Dagan? I found his poems, even in translation, quite lovely.

Best,

This correspondence from Clayton Eschleman is intensely revealing not only of Eschleman but of the hieratic, occultist host around him. Its blood pressure rose over a slighting reference I made to certain writers who were trying to cash in on the genius of Blake when they were only sick, sick, sick. In the interchange he thought I was disparaging Blake; in my reply I tried to show the difference between the visionary and the psychotic but it was evident he was marching to a different tune.

On the reverse side of the envelope, Eschleman is responding to some critical points I had made, which I no longer remember.

Carl Rakosi

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This correspondence from ^{Clayton} Eschleman is intensely revealing not only about the E - but about the writers crowded ^{around him in} into Catepillar. I got hot under the collar over a slighting reference ^{to his blood pressure rose} & made ^{about} fat-out certain young writers who were trying to cash in on the genius of Blake but were only sick, sick, sick. In the interchange, he thought I was disparaging Blake; in my ^{reply} letter to him I tried to show the difference between the visionary and the merely mentally ill.

psychotic, ~~from~~ ^{my} professional practice, but it didn't take.

on the reverse side of the envelope, E is responding to some critical comment I had made, but I no longer remember what it was.

5/12/82

Eshleman
Dear Clayton:

I want to keep the notes to PUNK ROCK....for the sake of accuracy. I notice in re-reading it that I have Polonious in the last stanza of the poem as well as in the notes. It should of course be Polonius. Thanks for catching it.

My remarks on Blake's voices and visions and on Squeaky/Antonin came, I'm afraid, from sheer exuberance of clinical speculation, nothing more. I found myself trying to defend guesses, which I never did as a therapist, and looking as if I judged literature by its mental aberrations, which I don't. Silly all around!

Looking forward to your ARTAUD and to future issues of Sulfur.

12/17/82

Evans

Dear George:

Here it is:

"Mr. Evans' poems, resembling him, have a hardy constitution. They have his eyes and ears and no one else's. They are written with care and waste no words. There^{are} unexpected internal omissions in them and juxtapositions which get to the matter more quickly and increase tension. Their observations are fresh and would hold up equally in prose, a difficult test. The imagination at work is bold, without compromising reality. In short, they stand on a solid footing."

Affectionately, (not for the blurb)

Carl

8 Aug. 1984

Evans
Dear George:

in Threeponny Review
Your review deserves a written reply.

I expected you to write a good review but I was moved almost to tears by your loving understanding of my work, the depth both of your identification and your perception. In that respect it has it all over Michael Heller's essay, which has its own subtlety and perspicacity but remains somehow distant and only superficially committed. In addition, your review is interesting and very well organized.

I am thrice blessed: in the review, in the reviewer, and in the friend. Thanks, chum!

14 Sept. 1988

Evano

Dear George:

At last I can respond to your two new books. What a treat they are: vigorous and solid as always...interesting in both substance and language, and true to both... depressing how much poetry one has to go through before one finds these qualities now. In short, satisfying. Delighted you're there.

Love,

P.S. The thing now is to have patience.

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving Street

San Francisco, CA 94122

7/6/83

Dear Clive:

Yes, METAMORPHOSED did arrive. And a tough, scappy little protagonist it is too, full of honest observation and grained with humor and character, conceivably difficult to live with, ^(I mean the character) with its overlay of restiveness and annoyance above a deeper malaise, all interesting and earthy. A Faust bedevilled? An occasional preposition throws me but I don't know whether this due to Australian idiom with which I'm not familiar or to some intended meaning which escapes me. I see no evidence of the acciddie you refer to (I had to look up that infernal word). Are you referring to habits of work? In any case, the language is bracing and I'm glad to have such a strong book on my shelf. Thanks.

Seeing the name, Kris Hemensley among your acknowledgments, reminds me that it was he took that photograph of my "ectoplasm" that you found in EX CRANIUM. I was reading (or answering a question?) before the Poetry Society of London and didn't know he was off at the side taking my picture. He attributed the ectopoeastic effect to some fault in the negative. But I don't mind it much. In fact, I rather like how I look there. I must have been feeling good that day.

ORIGIN on a subscription basis and under new auspices, with Michael Heller added to the editorial box will either enlarge the audience or make the magazine go under. But it had to take this route. It was becoming too in-grown. Had become so, in fact, some time ago. And so I hope to have the pleasure of your company at least there if not in person.

Cordially
Carl

dear Carl Rakosi...

a gent named Bob Ryley, Robert M. Ryley who is a fan of my dad's & teaches at a new york college turned me on to your address & xeroxed some pages of your book (look forward to reading it in it's entirety) that described the wisconsin lit gang...& then read about being bottle fed by a bourbon-head...

i was a great fan of my dad's & am...i also liked him a good deal as a human being...you could say i decided (when i was five...before i cld read or write) to be a "poet" (what's that?) simply to be, naturally, like my dad...anyway when i was 5 is when he read me 1 of his poems & it clicked...sounded just like him only More So, you could say....

so where does wne go from there?

i got busted up here in '81 for having been overheard saying i was jesus & now i'm Suing more or less against: psychiatric false arrest, while i sort of amble around saying it some More...also, just got a niteclerk job at this hotel...be the first steady i've had in a while...

enclosing then an Address book with a long poem in front of it...certain lines should seem to echo or something if i've done my stuff right...

Leon Serabian Herald was, indeed, a lovely man...maybe he wrote all he had to write & not more & if that were the case i can think of plenty of writers who should emulate the example. his son, Johnny was also a playmate of mine at a boarding school we both went to: manumit was it's name...

i've been in touch with Margery Latimer's daughter, Margot...i said to her: "look at that Margot: i mean if your mom & my dad Had decided to have kids Together neither you nor i would have been born. does that make us some new style brother & sister?" she said like: hi brother....

no doubt in my head life is more interesting than fiction, usually that seems to mean in a bad way, but not inevitably always it'd appear...

have you seen Alice Neel's book & her portrait of Ken, painted she told me, the night i was being born? your passage on an incident weeks or months later sort's 100% with that portrait...eeery feeling adults busy working me into books & paintings before i was quite Aware they existed...i appear in one of Ken's books & maybe somehow in a poem & also 1 book of poems he dedicated to me...now i find myself scribbling about him from time to time...

bruce goose, son of mother goose is my main on-the-ground personna.

best & all

bruce

book is full of typos... "i mean"
lol, you know...

20 May 1984

Dear Bruce:

How strange it must have seemed to you to find yourself in a book as a baby and to read the excerpts about your dad. To Margot it was even stranger, and quite wonderful, because she didn't know until she was grown that she had a mother who was not the same as her step-mother. So for her it was a discovery of her past. I'm chagrined that I can't send you a copy of my book in which your dad appears but my publisher stopped answering my letters after the book was printed and I haven't been able to get any copies for friends. But perhaps the Seattle public library will order a copy for itself if you request it. The book, called COLLECTED PROSE, can of course be ordered from a book store or directly from the publisher, The National Poetry Foundation, 305 English-Math Bldg., The University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469.

Parts of your book are touching, especially pages 27 and 24, but I'm unable to put it together.

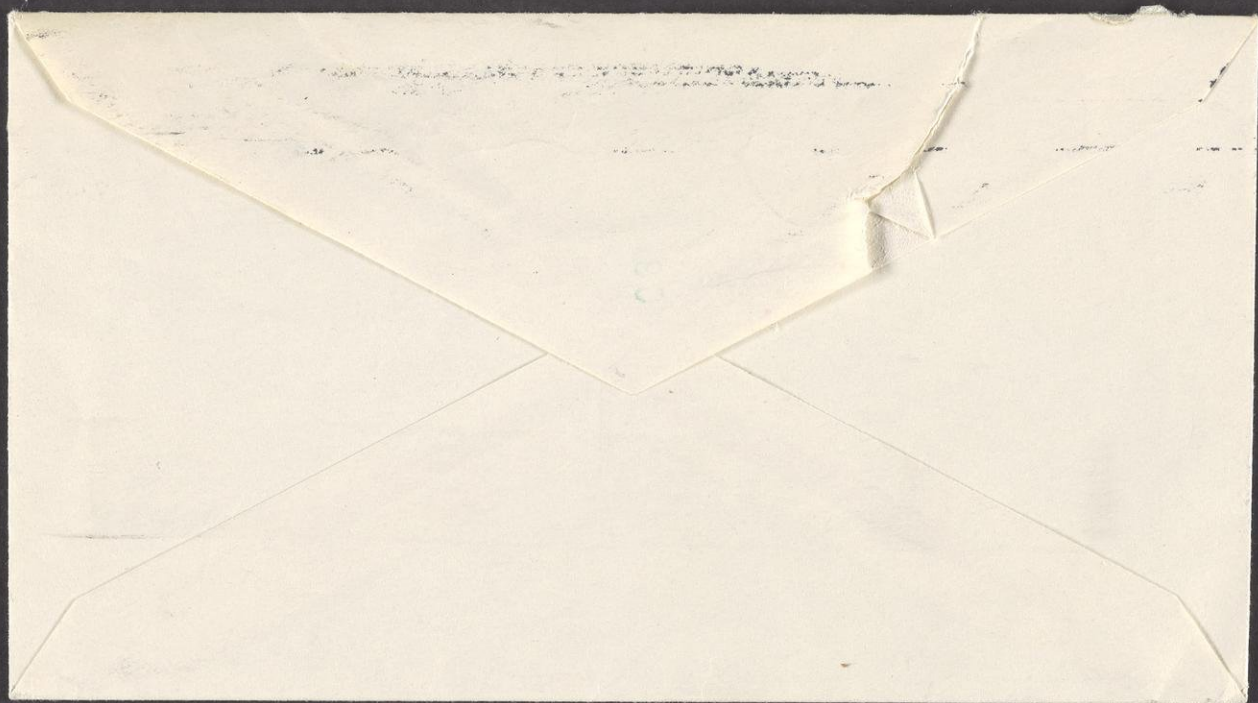
If you feel like doing it, tell me about your life. I really know nothing about it and am interested. Also, what happened to Leon's son, Johnny. Are you in touch with him? Can he be reached? And your mother, Rachel. And how did you happen to wind up as a night clerk in a hotel in Seattle? There was a newspaper story in the San Francisco Chronicle a number of years ago about a Bruce Fearing, some kind of a clash with the police, the incident perhaps that you refer to in your book, ~~xxxx~~ and I wondered then whether it was Kenneth's son, Bruce. So it comes together now.

With best wishes,

bhf 412 alps
621 s King
98104



Mr Carl Rakosi
128 Irving St.
San Francisco, Ca.
94122



Carl,

don't think you're the Only one....Alice Neel has a portrait of Ken: i'd heard about it & forgotten it till she turned up at his funeral "reception" (?) years back & asked if i wanted to see a photo...i liked it, went & saw the original & was really Moved, to say the least...then, when i noticed a tiny little baby in the portrait, next to the poet's left hand & about the size of his thumb i asked Alice about it & she replied: "o, that portrait was painted the night you were born."

in that space, as seen by me i'm born surrounded by a bunch of grownup artists, poets, etc all busy busy Exploiting my existance as "material" for their products... very strange space, space not available tp previous generations where poets & artists normally died broke young & their kids weren't matters of much concern to any subsequent critic if, indeed they lived to have kids...how do i Adjust to the circumstance?

I Don't. i redefine it.

to Margot i laughed & said: "do you realize that if my dad & your mom Had decided to have children together neither of Us would have been born? does that make us some new sty~~le~~ brother & sister?" she sounded like she was laughing & sent an affirmative answer...i'm glad if you're in touch with her i'm, at least temporarily, out.

end up as a niteclerk? i'm not at all sure i've ended up. just happens to be what i'm doing right now...also doing a few other things, recently gave a poetry reading at which i launched all my little poems into the audience in the shape of paper airplanes...

that book, address book i sent you, comes together between the top of page 38 in the line (first line ".....is all about itself" & page 7 which is white on black & describes a poem within-the-poem...but the pages you noticed 27 & 24 are, indeed, the Middle; as close to a heart as the poem has, it's Not a poem it's an address book & book of; Changes. changes changes changes. also it's not intended to be me writing ~~but~~ in my style which (my Own style) i call free-rhyme... give you an example:

unseen help

the languages of earth
are broken discarded things
i don't bring into my
bedroom or study....muddy waters
is a clear bag when it
rains alot upstream...3 things
don't fly on a straight beam;
l is a team of mismated oxen,
another's lox on a mint-scented bun
& the last i've forgot so
thanks for what?

bruce goose
son of mother goose

which is to say, with this bruce goose character i'm happy to be announcing poetry is to me: Obsolete. just like poets announced for 300 or 400 years that the church was obsolete. & thereby created the de-facto church of secular culture complete with n.e.a. endowments & fullbright fellowships such as the one my stepdad, a printmaker once had.

Rachel Landon
Lawrence Hill Road
Weston, Vermont 05161

if you & she were friends i'm sure she'd be glad to hear from you & you can talk to her, tell her/ask her whatever you'd care to...

Johnny Herald you'd have to look up through a record label...i haven't seen him for eighteen years & am not in touch with him though i Did like him back then & would be pleased if life put us back in touch...

i tried to look up your book it was out of the library i'll probably try again. Alice Neel had a book of paintings published in 1983...it's a real doozer...out of the 30's village crowd i'd say hands down she's gone furthest, what the hell, big famous artist with whom i've been in touch directly/indirectly, trying to point out to her well absurd as it sounds if i was jesus she's a greater painter than michelangelo since he only painted Models whereas she got to paint a real ~~weird~~ (weird) nativity. children of artists...i met Ring Lardner's kid, one of 'em... very conservative rather materialistic, i liked him but he's no where Near as unique/original as his dad.

how original would i have to be to be Up to Ken? doubt i could be a poet at all; poet being a self-creating occupation of previous generations. Ken, of course, wrote about Alice in one of his novels...i'm glad you were so fond of Margery...Alice has Plenty folk to speak for her, including myself...Margery would be damn near lost without you to speak for her...

that was probably me you were reading about in the chronicle or Might have been. in 1971 newsweek mag & wall st. bundle carried stories about me but it hadn't to do with a police confrontation, rather a welfare fair hearing i got involved with with Ronnie Baby was guvner of Calloushernia & i was living in the back-backwoods of humboldt county (60 mi. south of eureka/arcata) building cabins, digging gardens & trying to raise my kids (who are now in portland).

you mention somewhere you have kids. what are they into? Alice has 1 chemist, 1 lawyer...something about Starting by following in one's dads footsteps, right where his trail ends...& heading....?... anyway i really don't feel like i've "ended up" anywhere or anyway...what if some kind of bright new "scene" opens up around here in another year or so?...will it? might i be in the midst of it?...well, thanks for the reply...if anything else occurs to you be sure to be in touch, i'm really one Great little correspondent...

prayer

best & all,

gruesome!
like watching a
butterfly turn into a catterpillar
my last ex wife
god send me another life
in which we don't kill the things
we love or worry about paying bills.

b.g. (usually i prefer Off-Rhyme with my Off-Rythms)

bruce

Questions for Carl Rakosi

In "Scenes from My Life," you mention Margery Latimer's biographer. Could you provide his or her name and address?

Do you recall the title of the collection in which Latimer's story "Monday Morning" appears?

Much of Latimer's novel This Is My Body is a fictionalized account of her affair with Fearing. Have you read it recently enough to recall where truth ends and fiction begins? One of the characters is clearly Leon Serabian. Do you appear also? One scene seems to parallel your own experience as a guest in the Fearing house. The Latimer character screams at her father that the Fearing character is "part Jew. His mother is a Jew, Jew, Jew. Part Jew. . . ." Is it possible that you told Margery about the episode at the Fearings and that she adapted it to her own needs?

Fearing was forced to resign as an editor of the literary magazine at Wisconsin. Do you recall any of the details?

Do you recall roughly when Fearing's affair with Latimer began and when it ended?

1923-1925

FISKU -
Jean Toomer's
collection

Have you saved any letters from Fearing?

I'm aware of Latimer's letters to Blanche Matthias at Wisconsin and have sent for a microfilm. Are there other Latimer letters that you know of?

Austin

Fearing is said to have been the model for the central character of Death of a Young Man, a novel by his Oak Park friend W. L. River. Did you know River? Have you read the book and, if so, do you recall what is supposed to be Fearingsque about the protagonist?

Do you recall any anecdotes about Fearing that you didn't use in "Scenes from My Life?"

If it would be easier to answer these questions by phone than by letter, please don't hesitate to call me collect any Monday or Wednesday evening at (516) 757-1559.

Bruce's address
Rachel's " "

Editor of new magazine, Talisman

15 August 1988

Foster,

Dear Ed:

I would send you poetry if I could but I have no unpublished poetry to send, but how about a prose piece on George Oppen's last days?

What a reckless romantic you are, starting another magazine at a time when it seems as if there's a little magazine for every two poets in the country. You're off to a good start with your announced contributors, no question about that, and I wish you the best, of course, but I hope you have a financial angel behind you and a business manager at your side, with know-how in distribution, to handle that side of the magazine.

Cordially,

3001 MAIL BOX
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CALIFORNIA
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LIBRARY

18 Feb. 1988

Dear Mr. Franco:

No, I'm not going to be in Cambridge on March 6th for the memorial but I would very much like to have you read my piece, A Letter to Robert Duncan, which you'll find on pps.116-117 of my book, THE COLLECTED PROSE OF CARL RAKOSI. If you don't have the book, I've enclosed a copy of the piece, for your convenience.

There is an error on p.117, last paragraph: the word celebrity should be celebratory. Also, if you read the piece, please acknowledge its source.

With best wishes,

8 June 1985

Dear Joel Gersmann:

I was overjoyed to learn that you had done a play about Margery Latimer and Jean Toomer. Nothing could please me more. I write about her, you know, in my book, COLLECTED PROSE, which The National Poetry Foundation published last year.

It so happens I was close to Madison on May 11th: I was in Milwaukee that day, giving a reading, but I wouldn't have been able to take advantage of your invitation anyhow as I had a reading at the Chicago Art Institute the day before and a number of readings and a lecture in New York ^{beginning} the day after. If it had not been for that, and if you had discovered me in time, I would have come down from Milwaukee for sure.

Now that I'm back home, I shan't be anywhere near Madison until next summer, when I'll be visiting my daughter and granddaughters in Minneapolis, but if you can get out here, I'll be glad to talk with you about Margery as long as you like. In the meantime, tell me how you got interested in her in the first place,

With best wishes,

27 Oct. 1987

Dear Lynn W. Gilliam:

In response to your letter of October 19th, I don't know which poems your editorial associate heard me ~~read~~ on National Public Radio but you might look through my COLLECTED POEMS, published recently by the National Poetry Foundation at the University of Maine, and see if there is anything there you'd like to re-print. If so, you're ~~w~~elcome to do it at your usual rate of re-imbusement.

With best wishes,

17 June 1988

Dear Harry Gilonis:

Sorry but I can't muster the interest for writing
a piece on Zukofsky now. However, you don't need me fortunately.
With the contributors you have lined up, you can't go wrong.

Best wishes,

This card is Allen Ginsberg's reply to my asking whether I could use him as a reference for a suggestion.

He and Robert Bly had Sunday brunch at my home after a reading he gave here some time ago and we had a rip-roaring ^{all morning and afternoon} dialogue, taped both by him (he takes his own tape recorder with him everywhere) and by Harrison Keillor (now writing for The New Yorker) for a local radio station. Keillor's tape, unfortunately, turned out to be defective.

At the end of his visit, Allen and I were such firm friends, that at the door, he asked whether he could kiss me. That stopped me cold. I had never kissed a man before. But it went off all right. We embraced and kissed each other on the cheek, in the French manner.

Carl Rakosi

Dear Carl:

Aug 13, 1971

Your note reached us here late forgive
delay reply Yes certainly I will do all I can
to help re: Zuggenheim - I've written letters for
various people over last few years with nil
results but I'm sure they'd respect your
durand and original genius and I will do
my best to specify these awarenesses when I
write - Thank you for honoring me by the thought
of my being helpful, I want to be - Assoc, Love, Allen Ginsberg

Deen Gensberg
CITY LIGHTS
1562 Grant Ave. San Francisco 94133

Will reach me here

airmail



Mr. Carl Rahosi
4451 Colfax Avenue South
Minneapolis, Minn. 55409

9 Jan. 1985

Dear Bill Morgan:

Thank you for inviting me to contribute to Allen Ginsberg's Festschrift but my relationship to Allen has been so marginal that I can't see what I would have to say that would be worth saying in the company of hundreds of others who do know him and his work well. Did you or Bob Rosenthal have something particular in mind? or did Allen ask you to ask me?

Sincerely,

Sinberg

8 March 1985

Dear Allen:

A great surprise and delight to get your Collected Poems, with the warm inscription. A delight because your work is so accessible and generous in detail. And what a difference it makes to have it all together in one large handsome book, with the approval of even Harper and Row. Meanings that were cramped and hurried over in the small City Lights editions (perhaps because one could always hear you read them from a stage) now command attention and somehow become ~~xxxxxx~~ much larger.

A happy event, therefore, and Leah and I wish you many more.

Affectionately,

24 March 1985

Sinsberg
Dear Allen:

I could use your help with something. The NEA is offering two senior fellowships for literature next year which are described in the Guidelines as being for "individuals who have made an extraordinary contribution to American literature over a lifetime of creative work" and "who have expanded the boundaries of our literary heritage in work that has taken place at the vital growing edge of literature. Their continued presence on the literary landscape is invaluable to younger writers." Commendable words, and a big order, but the judges would have to be of equal calibre to recognize such a person when they saw him. In any case, to this survivor, the description sounds more than a bit like me, but how is a panel of conservative judges to know this? I'll be lucky if they've heard my name.

Anyhow, the fellowships are by nomination only and the deadline was March 1. I was nominated in time for the deadline but there will be "senior" writers competing for these two fellowships who will be far better known to the panel of judges than I, people like Robert Penn Warren and such. I am sure, therefore, that I'll need additional supporting evidence and testimony from others in order to get anywhere with the judges.

The fellowship stipend, as you may know, is quite large and would make a sizable difference in our day to day budget. If it would not be an imposition, therefore, and you would be willing to write in support of my nomination, I'd be very grateful. The address is: Literature Program, National Endowment for the Arts, Nancy Hanks Center, 1100 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506

I know that one of these days when I'm not expecting it, we'll run into each other again, so until then,

27 April 1985

Sinsberg
Dear Allen:

Your letter to the NEA brought tears to my eyes. Really! What more can I say?

Love,

7 April 1985

Dear Bill Morgan:

Here's something for the Festschrift, in the form of a letter, as follows:

"Dear Allen:

You might define a birthday as an event that's celebrated by others but not by the birthday child himself. He's there ~~xxxxxx~~ looking pleased and slightly dazed, but really off somewhere else, marvelling that an event which was forced on him and which he does not even remember, should occasion public notice and festivities. In your case, having reached the age of sixty, the festivities may suggest the end of something, and you are not, therefore, likely to feel festive at all, despite the affectionate hoopla. Quite the contrary. If that is the case, let me tell you that I am among the celebrants, and the reason why.

I celebrate your Blakean interest in the present. Your picking up Whitman's long American line and carrying it into today's world. Your tireless repertorial eye. Your great success with the media, which benefits all poets. Your honesty about yourself, as when you said, or are reported to have said, "Fame is not very interesting, but it does make it easier occasionally to get laid." And your personal generosity. If ever I needed help, you're the one person I know I could count on.

So happy birthday, Allen,

and love from Leah and me,

Carl Rakosi

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LIVING POETRY

A Series of Spring 1988 Readings

February 17 **JOHN ASHBERRY:** Leading exponent of "New York School"; triple crown winner Pulitzer, National Book Award and National Book Critics Circle awards. Nonchalant and complex, Ashbery's poems defy conventional limits. Formerly art critic for Paris *Herald Tribune*, editor *Art News*; English professor Brooklyn College. Books: *Some Trees*, *The Tennis Court Oath*, *Rivers and Mountains*, *The Double Dream of Spring*, *Three Poems*, *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, *As We Know*, *Shadow Train*, and, most recently, *April Galleons*.

February 22 **JOHN WIENERS:** "Am I a marked man, my life to be a lesson/or experience to those young who would trod/the same path, without God." John Wieners' self-poignant *Hotel Wentley Poems* (1958) brought forth a tragic sentence in American Literature unfelt since heroic Hart Crane. His emotive razor verse stropped the San Francisco Renaissance late fifties. Books include *Behind the State Capitol* and new *Selected Poems* 1958-1984.

February 29 **ED SANDERS:** Coptic progenitor of 60's classic FUCK YOU/A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS, breakthrough rock group *Fugs* leader, Ed Sander's word enjambments poeticised U.S. journalese. His invented electronic instruments (the Light Lyre, the Talking Tie) tune new and classic texts with his fine melodic voice. Four novels include *Tales of Beatnik Glory*; and several nonfiction titles include a startling book on Charles Manson, *The Family*. He applied his methods of Investigative Poetics to diverse subjects: Egyptian afterlife, Yiddish Socialist poets of the Lower East Side, A.T.&T. ripoffs, and Martian C.I.A. Cattle Mutilation. *Thirsting For Peace In a Raging Century*, *Selected Poems* 1961-1985, published 1987.

March 7 **AMIRI BARAKA:** Baraka's poems win world readership with lyric might and anger, his plays of ruthless insight have frightened Babylon for decades. His first poetry, *Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note*, was published in 1961, *Selected Poems* published in 1979. Currently Associate Professor at Stony Brook, Baraka founded the Black Arts Repertory Theatre in Harlem, the Spirit House in Newark and the Black Community Development and Defense Organization, a group committed to affirming black culture and gaining black political power. Brilliant adaptation of idiomatic black oratory to American verse, his major contribution to U.S. Poetics.

March 14 **ALICE NOTLEY:** Elegant and tough, stellar poet of the Lower East Side, Alice Notley taught generations of poets in workshops at St. Marks Poetry Project. Books include *165 Meeting House Lane*, *When I Was Alive*, *How Spring Comes*, *Margaret and Dusty*, and forthcoming *At Night The States*. Philip Whalen said that Alice Notley's the only poet writing now who has something to teach him.

March 21 **BOB ROSENTHAL:** Administrative coordinator for Committee for International Poetry, St. Marks Poetry Project board member, poet playwright long an important participant of NYC poetry world, a connection between generations. Poetry books include *Lies About the Flesh*, and *Rude Awakenings*. Among his many plays produced in NY, the notorious radioplay "The Whore of the Alpines" was aired on WBAI-FM. *Cleaning up New York*, a minor classic.

SIMON PETTET: Young English poet specialist in contemporary U.S. verse & Manhattanite, he's the author of *Lyrical Poetry* and *Conversations With Rudy Burckhardt*. Administrative coordinator for Committee for International Poetry. James Schuyler calls Pettet "an original, and a welcome one", his ear precise as his lyric intent. He's currently writing a cultural history of Manhattan, *New York Ghosts*, and new poems, *Eternity*.

All readings from 12:15 to 2 p.m. MONDAYS
(except John Ashbery, WEDNESDAY, February 17)

Introduced by ALLEN GINSBERG

March 28 **TULI KUPFERBERG:** "Brooklyn College alumnus (BA, *cum laude*), singing cartoonist, original Fugger, all-round bohemian and luftmensch, renegade anarchist (is there another kind?). Writes poetry when there's nothing better to do. Has written many books, titles and subjects of which he's forgotten." However they include *1001 Ways to Live Without Working; Kill for Peace* (Yeah 10); *1001 Ways to Beat the Draft; 1001 Ways to Make Love*, also *Birth Magazine*.

STEVEN TAYLOR: Lyric Poetics instructor at Naropa, this musician has collaborated in concerts and recordings with Allen Ginsberg on several continents for over a decade, composed operas and recorded with Kenward Elmslie (*Palais Bimbo*) and Ed Sanders (*Star Peace*). He's the Fugs lead guitarist, and founding member of Tuli and the Fuxxons.

April 11 **ANNE WALDMAN:** With peerless *Fast Speaking Woman*, her *Journals & Dreams*, *Shaman*, and *Makeup On Empty Space, & Skin, Meat Bones* Anne Waldman's oratorical power and musical sound have knocked out audiences on both coasts. Former director of St. Mark's Church in the Bowery's Poetry Project, also the cofounder of Boulder Colorado's Naropa Institute poetics program, she's performed in the Buddhafields of Europe and recorded "Uh Oh Plutonium!" and other poems on albums and music video.

April 18 **DAVID COPE:** Born in Detroit, former factory worker, dock manager, now country school custodian, peace activist, poet and editor of *Big Scream* magazine. Inheritor of Objectivist eye through Reznikoff and Williams, Cope stays still & captures all detail. His first book *Quiet Lives*, published in 1983; his second, *On The Bridge*, 1986.

ELIOT KATZ: Poet, printer, humorist, & political activist, his poems speak the colloquial heart of New Jersey. Haunts New Brunswick, cofounder of *Longshot* magazine, has recently completed his first poetry book, *Thieves At Work*.

April 25 **JAMES RUGGIA:** Diverse poet of tender complexities and driving compulsions, Ruggia's taught poetry in New Jersey ghetto schools, lived in Turkey, and edited the St. Mark's Poetry Project Newsletter.

EILEEN MYLES: Myles handles power with casual elegance, her poems and stories amuse, move and sucker punch, published in numerous magazines and anthologies, including the *Paris Review*, *City Lights Anthology*. Her books include, *A Fresh Young Voice from the Plains*, *Sappho's Boat*, and recent, *Bread and Water*. Former director of the Poetry Project at St. Marks Church, she's taught many workshops.

May 2 **DIANE DI PRIMA:** From 15 books of poetry and prose including *Revolutionary Letter*, *Loba* and *Selected Poems 1956-1975*, she's been translated into 10 languages. An original female Beat bard of the 1950's, her poems sway, shimmy & growl but never grovel. Founded N.Y. Poets Theatre in 1961, edited *Floating Bear* and published Poets Press and Eidolon Editions, Ms. di Prima is nationally known for decades of poetry-reading tours, writing workshops for students all ages, co-director of New College Poetics School, S.F.

May 9 **KENNETH KOCH:** Professor of English literature at Columbia University. Witty, urbane, and rapacious, Koch's sophisticated poetry challenges and pleases the wild-ear'd reader. His major handbooks for teaching poetry in the schools (*Wishes Lies & Dreams*, *Rose Where Did You Get That Red?*) are used internationally now. Books include poetry (*The Art of Love*, *Thank You and Other Poems*, *On the Edge*, *Days and Nights*, *Selected Poems*), his novels (*The Duplications*, *The Red Robins*), plus hundreds of plays.

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OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME

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1900

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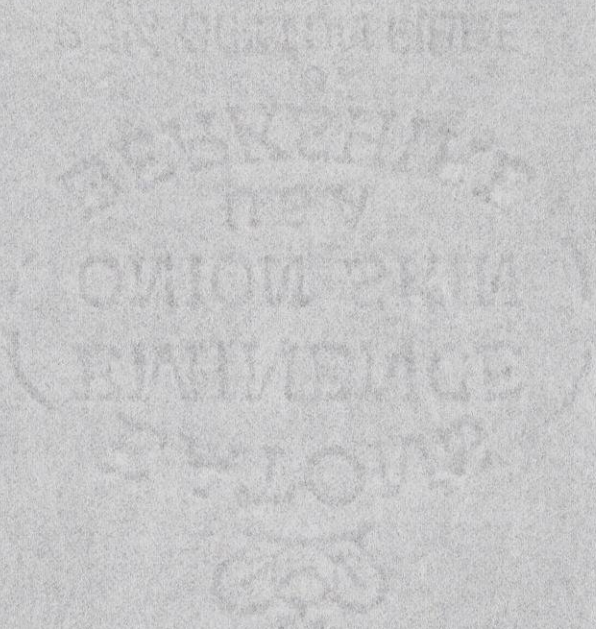
24 Oct. 1984

Ishtar

Dear David:

How nice to get your lyric. I do know
about your & new domestic life now and feel the
essence of it in III.

Leah sends her love. Come and see us when you're
in town next.



31 July 1984

Sister
Dear Mary::

appppp
Yes, Mary has kept us informed about your endless physical trials, and we listened, appalled. That you can't rid yourself of them is very hard for my mind to accept, but, still, until your new injury and virus, you functioned brilliantly for ^{the} Battered Women's Shelter, so there's hope.

And your writing may even benefit..In any case, writing again after four years gives you a new slate. The last things of ^{your} I saw in print were tight and clear and interesting. They were better.

When you are able to travel again, we would like to have you visit. As George would say, "Of course."

Affectionately,

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving Street

San Francisco, CA 94122

Glasgold
Dear Peter:

Everything OK on the proofs except a question I have about where the title, AMERICAN X NYMPHS, will be. Surely not at the bottom of the page all by itself, as on the proof page! You wouldn't dismember a poem that way, would you? a poem that, in the words of the immortal Will, "never did you no harm" and drop its head in the basement.

You'll have your own things to say about me in the Notes on the Contributors but add that my COLLECTED PROSE came out last year from The National Poetry Foundation and that my COLLECTED POETRY, also from The National Poetry Foundation, will be coming out shortly.

I must say I was depressed by the appearance of the room in which we read; in addition, I couldn't get quite the right voice for that mike and kept flinching and feeling repelled by what was coming out of me. I suppose, however, that if we had had a larger audience, I would have done better.

Anyhow, next time I get to N.Y. I promise to drop in on you at N.D. and maybe have a go with you in Anglo-Saxon.

Cordially,

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving Street

San Francisco, CA 94122

Dear Peter:

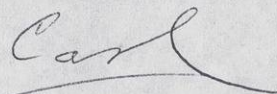
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Anyhow, next time I get to N.Y. I promise to drop in on you at N.D. and maybe have a go with you in Anglo-Saxon.

Cordially,



6/10/85

Dear Carl:

Just a quick note to set your mind at ease. The proofs you read were Xeroxed pages from uncorrected bound galleys, not real page proofs at all. The title will of course be at the top of a fresh page.

I agree with you about the atmosphere of the reading. Shinder's setup was no shindig. I was expecting better, myself.

All best,



Peter Glassgold

*Glassgold
(new Directions)*

9 Feb. 1985

Dear Peter:

I had a stormy/~~xxxxxx~~ phone conversation with Mary Oppen about the piece and agreed to withdraw it after concluding that it wasn't worth all that turmoil. I wrote J that same night. Unfortunately, I had a few weeks before already read proof on it for CONJUNCTIONS, so it's probably too late to do anything there.

Yes, I did see the printed announcement of the readings at the Y, with my name on the program with yours. Shinder had sent it to me before I had agreed to read.....in fact, at the same time as he invited me. As things stand now, I did agree to read for a fee (moderate) slightly higher than he had offered, but I haven't heard back from him, and a part of me doesn't expect to because the man doesn't answer letters, but if I do read, I'll be glad to join you for dinner before. In fact, I know just the place: Carnegie Delicatessen, where I'll have one of their super-soups. As for Shinder, if you can do something on the scene to bring it to a head so I know how to plan, I'd appreciate it.

For Notes on Contributors just say that my latest book is COLLECTED PROSE, published by The National Poetry Foundation, and that the Foundation is bringing out my COLLECTED POEMS some time this year.

I'm looking forward to seeing you again after all these years.

Greenberg

July 1, 1981

Dear Al:

I have just come around to reading and yet and want to say, you set yourself one helluva formidable task. One hesitates to attempt a form so full of possible false notes as the threnody, a form so familiar to the reader that he holds one to his disbelief (that something interesting is going to happen) much longer than normally. Anyhow, somewhere along the way I found my disbelief gone, and reflect on the little book with affection and thanks.

But why, oh why, the quote from Kunitz? "How shall the heart be reconciled/ to its ^{feast of} losses," strikes me as literary rhetoric at its worst, a mess, exactly the sort of thing that makes one disbelieve in poetry.

Fondly,

20 May 1984

Dear Jonathan Greene:

I'm afraid I may have misled you, but not intentionally. When I wrote to ask about the size of Gnomon editions and how long it takes from acceptance to publication, I thought you might be a publisher of very small editions, such as a hundred or two hundred, primarily for collectors, and did not inform you that The National Poetry Foundation at The University of Maine had agreed to bring out my COLLECTED POETRY sometime in the fall of 1985~~4~~ because I thought that a tiny edition of AMERICANA, sufficiently prior to that, might not matter. An edition of 1500, however, would, and I doubt whether either you or the NPF would find the proximity acceptable. If I am mistaken in this, let me know. In the meantime, my apologies.

Shall I return the books?

Sincerely,

21 May 1984

Dear Jonathan Greene:

I'll be damned but right after I wrote you, I heard from The National Poetry Foundation that they would have no objection~~s~~ to Gnomon publishing my AMERICANA, so if you don't either, you've got yourself a deal. In that case, I'll send you an up-to-date, complete version.

I'm leaving on May 31 for a three week visit to Minneapolis. My address there will be c/o Barbara Rawley, 2007 Kenwood Parkway, Minneapolis, MN Minnesota, 55405, in case you want to reach me while I'm away from here.

Sincerely,

Carl Rakosi

26 May 1984

Dear Jonathan Greene:

My Foreword will follow.

Doubt however whether I'll be able to do it before
I leave here on the 31st. or during my ~~xx~~ visit
to Minneapolis. In that case it'll be done after
my return on June 19th.

23 June 1984

Dear Jonathan:

Sorry to hear about the death and illness in your family, very sorry.

About AMERICANA I see no point in publishing a part and not the whole of it, as parts are already in print in various books. What is needed is the whole (AMERICAN NYMPHS is not integral to it and would not need to be included) as a separate book where it can be read as a whole. I'll hold off writing the foreword until I know what's what. In the meantime, rest up in that hot Southwest sun.

24 March 1987

Dear Jonathan:

Griffin
Forgive me for being so slow to answer your letters but Leah has cancer and it has been very hard for me to do much more than tend to what has to be done as a result and struggle to overcome my depression and fears.

About your Collected, I'm delighted it's being done and am waiting eagerly to see what it will all look like and be. I've learned from dealing with Terrell that he means well but he has very limited funds and this will cause delays in how quickly the book will appear, but be patient; and he has very little know-how in merchandizing. But he has integrity and will turn out a clean, attractive book.

Love to you both,

9 June 1987

Dear Jonathan:

First the good news: after a year of chemotherapy, the latest C-T Scan shows that Leah's cancer is in remission. So for a time, there'll be an end to her dreadful chemotherapy. You can imagine what a lift that has given us! Her energy has not returned, but that's a small thing, considering.

Yes, the N.Y. Times review was splendid. A lot of people saw it. A month before that, there had been an equally strong review in the VILLAGE VOICE; and later one in Poetry Flash and in the San Francisco Chronicle. So what I was afraid would happen, and was in fact sure would happen, that my book would go totally unobserved, did not happen at all. On the contrary. That was exhilarating, of course; rejuvenating. But only for a few days. Then I went back to my customary state of doubt and vulnerability.

I know, of course, how deep your need was to have all your work brought together and published. How glad I was, therefore, to help you in a small way to do this. It's given me pleasure. Now you must have patience, as I said before, until Terry gets enough money together from the sale of other books to be able to get yours to the printer.

Your experience in the hospital reminds me in one respect of one I had not so long ago. I went in with symptoms that looked like diverticulitis and the doctors looked concerned. They put me on intravenous feeding of glucose....I think that's what it was....and I just lay ~~xxxx~~ in bed, waiting for the bad things to happen which they were expecting but which they didn't describe to me, but it didn't happen. On the contrary, the I-V feeding made me feel extraordinarily light and good...my head was clear, my body ~~was~~ felt pure. I didn't feel sick at all. So there I was with nothing to do but lie in bed and ~~xxxx~~ read and chat with friends who came to visit and make friends with the delightful young nurses who tended me. So my trip to the hospital, after the initial gallop of test-test-test, was more like a vacation.

Love to you both,

126 Irving St., San Francisco, CA 94122

21 Nov. 1987

Griffin
Dear Jonathan:

Welcome to the club of Elderly Amnesiacs. I'm a charter member. Fortunately I have Leah's memory to run~~to~~^{it} to for help. I've been running ~~to~~^{it} for years, especially on names and dates. In fact, she says she has never worried that I'd leave her because she knows that I couldn't get along without her memory. Or her cooking. Anyhow, you can relax. You did respond to the news about her immediately. Your *secret* accountant must have written ^{it} down so dimly that you couldn't be sure.

Leah is still in remission, thanks be. She exhausts easily, but except for this, and a sense of foreboding always at our backs, mine more than hers, life goes on as before, with the poet, however, more or less mute. Too busy scurrying around in his mind for a safety crew against calamity, which he knows lies ahead, and licking the same old wound over and over, the recent deats from cancer of old, close friends, one after another after another. It's one that doesn't heal because there's nothing to fill their absence. Sounds gloomy but in fact we're coping ~~and~~ and are usually in good spirits. And have never been so close and loving or enjoyed our children and granddaughters as much. So even here we manage to come up on the plus side.

The management at The National Poetry Foundation, as you may know, has changed. A new president, Burton Hatlen, a young professor and perceptive critic, and for the first time a board of directors to formulate policy. What I don't know is who is in charge of day to day operations. There seems to be no question that your Collected is going to be published, the question is when, in view of Terrell's slipping so far into the red. I'll try to keep track of what's happening.

If Leah is still in remission by next September, I may be in England then with her and with my daughter and son-in-law. Mostly for vacation (maybe a flat in London for a few weeks?) and to see old friends. Incidentally, you're vague about your own health. What is (has been) the trouble?

Affectionately,

Note change of address from 128 to 126 Irving Street.

30 Jan. 1989

Griffin
Dear Jonathan:

Forgive me for not responding to your letters but for the last year I have been ground down by Leah's cancer. The responsibilities of nursing and caring for her have shut out the literary world and even the possibility of correspondence. The end, after three years, came on January 21st. I don't yet know what's going to happen to me, living alone after 49 years of marriage to Leah but at least I'm able to write to you again and to tell you that I feel relieved and content that you finished vol.2. I don't know any work which I'm looking forward to more and in which I have so much confidence.

Love to you and Kate,

Carl

12/26/85

Dear Jim:

I'm delighted to hear that you'll be
in EXQUISITE CORPSE. It's a good place to be.
Yes, I do subscribe to it , but thanks. And
thanks for your Hanukah and New Year's greetings
also.

All the best in the New Year,

12 June 1985

Dear Jim:

Thank you for your new poems. They are of the same quality as those I saw in INTREPID, which I liked.

Would you believe I once lived in Gary? When I was seven. I remember the steel mills, of course, but in addition a terrifying experience on the sbbool playground one day: five huge, wild-eyed black boys, shrieking war cries and wielding clubs with nails, driving all the white kids off the premises. That was my first sight of blacks.

Another memory. It's a very hot night. We're all sitting outdoors on the street and a little black puppy comes running up, his ^{joyously} tail wagging. That was Teddy, and love at first sight, for him too. He stayed with us until we were grown. The city was still small and young then and my father could have made millions if he had bought property, which was going begging then. Think of that!

Sincerely,

Guedalla

12 July 1988

Dear Roger:

Well, here I was expecting to see you again, but it's not to be. Leah has cancer and can't make the trip and I don't want to go off on my own and leave her. I'm sorry, Roger. It would have been nice.

And thanks for your efforts. I did get an invitation from The Poetry Society and already had one from Dick Caddel at the University of Durham. Oh well, what can we do?

Affectionately,

Carl

STATION
BAINECE
ONION ST
25/07/1988
STATION

2/27/82

To Daniel Haberman:

How exciting and, yes, up-lifting
to hear a singing voice again! What Guy Davenport
wrote about THE FURTIVE WALL goes for me too.

But why the etchings?

Is there a book of mine which
you don't have which you'd like?

All the best to you, and if
you're ever in these parts, please look me up.

Thanks,

5/15/82

Dear Daniel:

You came on me so unexpectedly in the cab with the muted reference to your chemotherapy that I was too stunned to respond, but the thought of what you must have gone through is very much with me, and in a small way I too feel stricken. Oh well, what can we do?

You certainly deserve that trip ~~on~~ a freighter to Valparaiso. I have a special interest in knowing how you find it because in the 1930s I worked as a mess boy on one going to Australia (and a meaner, more low-down, goddamned job I never had) and remember with what class the one passenger and the ship's officers were treated. I never did get to see the captain. He stayed in his cabin the whole time (as in a Conrad novel).

Bon voyage, my friend!

8/20/82

Dear Daniel:

You're right, the only way to hold out against a hospital and not ~~become~~ yourself become a dead, anonymous hallway there, an unoccupied hospital bed, an empty enamel bed pan, a side of meat turned this way and that for examination while all time is suspended and everything stops.....I can taste the metal....is to hold on to the idea of poetry. You're so right. No one can ^{accompany} ~~be~~ a person down that long, melancholy hallway. This is one ordeal which simply can not be divided up and a portion given to someone else. Hence, in his sense, he is the only person there. That's being alone in a sense unknown to us in every-day life. But even worse is how the hospital inexorably steamrolls over the strongest will and makes one a non-person. One wonders whether this is what is really meant by fate, face to face, not at a rhetorical distance. Oh my! Do you have someone to talk to?

I suspect that the Committee turned you down for Bread Loaf, despite Nemerov's nomination, ~~but~~ ~~not~~ not for literary reasons but because you're not well-enough known yet to attract students.

I wrote Bob Holman at St. Mark's, by the way, urging him to invite you for a reading on the grounds that you were a lyric poet, an endangered species, and that people should have a chance to hear you before the species disappears. I also quoted from Guy Davenport and told him I concurred. I hope it'll do some good.

Interesting that your red-headed messboy quit. I quit too.

Best wishes,

Kalman
9/13/82

Dear Daniel:

Lovely book, lovely work, your POEMS.

~~xxxxxx~~ The same light touch, the same grace and wit.

Thanks. One poem in particular, Sonnet in the War
Meter, I have to single out, distorting as it may be
to do so, because it had a knock-out effect on me.

Also, were not these poems written after THE FURTIVE
WALL?

Well, anybody who has a crew as diverse as
Dahlberg, Nemerov, Guy Davenport, Joel Oppenheimer,
Helen Adam, Jonathan Williams and James Schuyler in
his corner is a winner, I say.

How did your tests come out?

L'Shono Tovo

122
STONY
EMINENCE
ONION SPRING
122
122

10/5/82

Dear Daniel:

I'm glad you shared your good news with me. However, I don't agree with you. When it comes to cancer, 80% odds are not twice as good as 40%; they're ten times as good.

As you know, our immune-defense system is profoundly affected by will, not just will to overcome an illness but will to achieve a purpose in life, which includes your strong, perhaps indomitable, will to create poetry. So it seems to me you have something going for you which other patients don't have. In addition, perhaps the gods will be kind.

Thanks so much for the poem and your warm thoughts.

11/26/82

Dear Daniel:

Yes, truth "lurks in metaphor" because, although arithmetic is a product of the mind, psychology is not arithmetical, especially not where we can't observe what is going on, x as in the mind-body relationship. There, because metaphor can be more holistic, it may do better.

No, I didn't write the Latin verse, "Guard your wives, you Roman townsmen, etc." Honestly. I'm the baldhead lecher himself.

I'll be with family too this Thansksgiving. My son, George, and his wife and two little girls are coming down from Chico, which is about 175 miles northeast of here. The rest of my family, my daughter, Barbara, and her two teen-age daughters, for whom we pine all year, live, alas, in Minneapolis.

So it goes,

12/21/82

Dear Dan:

Oh my, what a gift you have sent me
in the TIMON! An oasis in bookmaking. May your
tribe increase!

And your ^{health} ^{Kind} ~~health~~ be kind to you.

Carl

2/20/83

Dear Daniel:

Hurray! The 11th of February is
your day. And your Guggenheim reading makes it
your year too. I'm glad.

Hugs for your poem, in which your
will goes its own way despite the desperate
situation.

17 Jan. 1984

Dear Daniel:

I bask unabashed in your charming booklet and was warmed by your affectionate New Year's thought of me. If I pursued that vein, I would find myself having A Chance Encounter With Robert Herrick, whom my old friend, Zukofsky, to my surprise, could not take very seriously.

Leah and I will be coming to New York in May, despite the fact that it was too late to get a reading through the Academy of American Poets. I'm giving a lecture on May 15th at NYU (The Poetics Institute) and a reading at St. Mark's on May 15th, and if they can raise the money, one on May 17th at the 63d St. Y. So perhaps we'll be able to spend a little time together again.

I won't say anything about your health because I expect it to be all right.

Affectionately,

20 May 1984

Dear Dan:

Don't imagine for one moment that I'm not aware of the good things that have been happening to you this past year: Poet-in-Residence plus an Elector at The Poet's Corner, poems in The Southern Review, a reading at the Guggenheim, and perhaps other things unreported by my spies. Marvelous. Tell me that your health has kept up with this, and I'll know that all is well. Incidentally, I'm curious about your experience with the Cathedral ~~Exch~~ Church of St. John the Divine.

Although I'm not a New Yorker, I ~~xxx~~ miss the City once in a while and so I'm trying to get back there next May for a visit. If I can get a few readings I can make it. I think I can count on St. Mark's again but I need more. What can you tell me about how to get one at Guggenheim?

All the best,
Carl

31 July 1984

Dear Daniel:

Happy to hear the good news.

I've got two fair prospects for a reading, St. Mark's and NYU where Michael Heller is trying to arrange a combination interview and reading. Since I don't know anyone at The Academy of American Poets to make a contact for me at the Guggenheim and can't make one for myself, as I don't know who's in charge of readings there, I guess I'll have to let that pass. But if I get those two readings, I'll let you know. For one thing, I've got to find out where "the best Hungarian food in the city" is. There used to be some good places up on 2nd Avenue in the 80's, I think, but they slipped into a low average, so I assume this is a new one.

Stay well,

9 Aug. 1984

Dear Daniel:

I wrote to Mr. Henri Cole at the Academy, taking particular care to address him as Mr. and Henri, not Henry. Thanks. No need for anyone to do more. If I have to be recommended to him by somebody, it means they don't know who I am, and I can do without that.

No, The Green Tree doesn't ring a bell. So that would be a first time.

Look at George Eliot's language and themes, always heartfelt and passionate. That tells you why she's still relevant and readable. Meredith's language, on the other hand is relentlessly Latinate, top-heavy, complex, wordy. Today it sounds almost antiquarian, cold. When I was young, Meredith and Hardy were considered to be on a par. Now look.

If you want the most readable, read Trollope.

Best,

9 Sept. 1984

Dear Daniel:

You have the benefit of recent reading. I haven't read George Eliot or Meredith since I was a senior in high school, so you're probably right. Now that you mention it, I do remember her heavy moralizing and explaining. At any rate you won't catch me reading either one of them now, Meredith because of his language. Trollope, on the other hand, I did read in recent years and found his prose as fresh and light as a brook. I can also recommend Italo Calvino's *The Baron In The Trees*, a surprise, yet as basic as *Gulliver*.

For Christ's sake, stay away from the obits. How many times do you want to die? *They can tell you nothing.*

The Academy's schedule for the year was already full but I do have a reading, as I thought I would, at St. Mark's, and I may get a reading cum interview at NYU. I'll know in a few weeks.

27 March 1985

Dear Daniel:

I see by yours of the 15th that you've finished the most onerous of your administrative chores and that you're dancing with relief.

That is an odd combination: Brodsky, Jacobsen, Kunitz and Rakosi. Must have been a committee selection. My friends will wonder, what's Rakosi doing in there? and my academic disregards and nay-sayers will wonder the same thing? what's Rakosi doing in there! In any case, you've elevated me into very respectable company, and I can do with some elevation. By the way, I don't know Jacobsen's work. Of what literary persuasion is she?

Has it struck you that three ~~xxxxxx~~ (possibly four) out of the four readers are Jews? Well, maybe three out of four is not so extraordinary in this sort of thing. But what if it's four out of four?

I think I get the picture now: first the vespers, then the unveiling of the memorial stones, then the four 5-minute readings, then a reception. Right?

After searching through Poe for a few poems that could be read to a contemporary audience without embarrassment, I can see why Jacobsen and Kunitz refused to tintinabulate with him in public. Cowards! Anyhow, the ones I will read (without embarrassment) ~~xx~~ ~~xxx~~.....and Brodsky should be fore-warned to make sure that we don't read the same poems.....are: SONNET TO SCIENCE, SILENCE, TO---("I heed not that my earthly lot.."), TO HELEN, and the first two paragraphs of THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO. That should come to about five minutes, give or take a minute. If you can arrange to have me read last, it might be best. I'll be coming from out of town and I won't be in control of all the circumstances, although if I can manage an 8:30 am plane out of Milwaukee, there'll be no problem.

Nice of you to invite Leah's sister-in-law. I'll ask her and see if she wants to come. In the meantime, let me give you her name, etc.: Alma Jaffe, 137 Riverside Drive, 362-6946, that's where I'll be staying; and in your next letter, give me your phone number, just in case.

27 Dec. 1985

Dear Daniel:

What a lift I get from your graceful poems, and, as always, the elegant paper and distinctive ~~xxxx~~ type! Bless you and a good year To Daniel and Barbara, so be it writ and come to pass.

We saw the announcement of Barbara's concert in Stockton and longed to go but I just couldn't manage the driving. Maybe we'll be lucky and she'll play in San Francisco next time.

The language poets, whose most obnoxious member, Ron Silliman, lives in town, have been stirring up one hell of a controversy, as you may have heard, until I no longer know which end is up. Ugly goings on!

Love,

18 April 1987

Dear Dan:

A Jew shouldn't be hearing bells at the news of a wedding but that's what I am hearing. Glad bells. Makes both Leah and me feel good. The right thing to do. When is it going to be?

About Leah, as I said, she's holding her own. Our relationship, however, has changed: we've become an impasto of one, an amalgam in which hardly a thought or feeling passes through my mind that does not in some way have to do with her. My literary self is nowhere in sight.

Believe me it was encouraging to read that you had survived against such odds, but how did your reading up on the latest research help to bring this about?

Again I hear bells. All the best,

Daniel Heblman
Dear Dan:

18 March 1988

Leah is back on chemotherapy and things have become wobbly and nightmarish again. I don't need to tell you more. You've been through all that. Anyhow, it's put me far behind in my correspondence.

Your new book has all the familiar virtues of the others, with this difference: some of the poems take more risks in form and subject matter, are bolder, than others, and that I fidd all to the good. And the translations are fun. Thanks, Dan, for this preview.

I'm going to be in N.Y. from April 8 to April 12 but the tasks I have at St. Mark's and in Brooklyn College all come during the day and I'll be tied up with the old friend I'm staying with, some of the time, so I may not be able to see you and Barbara. But I'll try. In any case, I'll phone.

Love,

Carl

1 Oct. 1984

Dear Leo Hamalian:

Bless you for remembering to send me the issue of ARARAT with the article about Leon Herald. It made my heart glad to see Leon honored.

And what a treat the Saroyan issue was! It brings Bill back to life exactly as I knew him, and more fully than I knew him. How can I thank you enough for that?

If you're in town again and feel like visiting, don't hesitate to call. It would be a pleasure.

Cordially,

30 Oct. 1984

Dear Leo:

It would be fun to write something for you on Leon and Bill but I don't know whether I have anything worth saying. I'm working on something ~~xxxx~~ else right now and when I'm through, I'll look to see.

I empathize all the way with your father, as you describe him. What would he have thought, I wonder, about our governor here? The Duke was a blockhead when he was Attorney-General and he hasn't improved any in the Executive Mansion. Leon would have been disgusted and Bill even more.

Best,

*for the magazine
Ararat (Armenian American)*

20 Jan. 1985

of Armenian poets

Dear Leo:

The little anthology you sent me puts you in the class of boundless benefactors. Thank you!

I never saw Leon looking the way he does in the photograph, the mouth pulled together so tight, so severe, as if he had been constricted into a hard, dry cell of old age. Leon used to look ageless but never old. And Leon without a smile and a sparkle was not Leon.

Leah and I are going to be in New York the week of May 13th. Perhaps we could get together?

You have me incurably curious about the references to me in the Rexroth-Zukofsky letters. Is there some way I could read what they are?

23 Feb. 1985

Dear Leo:

Dinner chez Hamalian is a great idea. It would have to be May 16th, however, as I'll be reading(I think) at the 63dSt. Y on the 17th. If you'll give me your phone no. and address and how to get there by bus from Riverside Drive and 86th St., where Leah and I will be staying ^{with} her sister-in-law (362-6946), we'll be all set.

I had seen an account somewhere, probably in The New York Review of Books in the endless series of articles and letters on the Hiss case, of that story about Sam Roth being able to clear Hiss but never be~~gg~~g called. I knew Roth slightly. He was not a bad guy. A bit of a crook but he didn't deserve prison. I was in Two Worlds Quarterly too

See you fairly soon.

Cordially,

Hamalian

5 March 1985

Dear Leo:

It will be fun celebrating Hampartzoom Ascension Day (you gotta be kidding!) chez Hamalian over an Armenian meal (that's not kidding). Onward to new experiences (for us). Just one proviso: I'm not supposed to have anything with seeds or nuts in it. I don't know whether that's conceivable in the Armenian cuisine.

Yes, I was in Two Worlds Quarterly, but for heaven's sake don't bother to look it up. It was very early work and ^{not} worth disinterring.

/Got your directions and if Hampartzoom is with us, Leah and I will give ourselves up to your doorman at 530 90th St. on May 16th at 7:30 pm and wait^{to} for the rest to happen.

Cordially
Car

12/14/83

Dear Burt:

I'm afraid I'll have to let your invitation pass. All I did, ~~xxxxxx~~ after all, was to read a couple of George's poems and wish him a happy birthday. The one comment (or was it two?) which I made is not enough to be worth reproducing, and I have no urge to do more with it. As for a poem, I've already gone that route. Twice would be corny. But you and Hugh Kenner and Robt. Hass did have something to say and I hope they'll come through with something.

Terry spoke well of your Afterword, and I can believe it.

9 Jan. 1984

Dear Burt:

I'm afraid I was not at my best in the interview (not your fault). I'm impatient, therefore, to see the typescript and improve it. In the meantime, I've found Martin Rosenblum's 1975 interview in Margins and one that appeared that same year in Preview, along with correspondence. Please return Margins after you've duplicated the interview, which, you will see, is full of words crossed out, words like Ugh and eh and all kinds of repetitious crud. The material in them rings ^{however,} true, as I re-read it, particularly Rosenblum's, so if I'm not mistaken, they'll be useful to you for your Contemporary Literature article and also perhaps in your own interview. If they prompt new questions in your mind, shoot them along and I'll take a crack at them. You might even want to reprint parts of the Rosenblum interview.

Next time I hope we'll be able to spend more unprogrammed time together. We didn't really get a chance to get to know each other and relax.

So au revoir,

p.s. Don't forget to return the copy of my letter to you along with MARGINS.

Burton Hatlen

2/9/84

Dear Burt:

I want you to know that I'm enthusiastic about your post-duction. You've given the reader a handle to my work, which I see now needed doing. I'm particularly delighted at your elucidation of the aphorism as a literary form, for the one thing I dreaded was that my prose would be judged on other grounds. In all this, you are accurate and generous. True, your foray into the Objectivists' Jewishness, as you yourself suspected, is a bit wobbly, but noble (Reznikoff too was a secular Jew. His Jewishness came from an on-going love-affair, from the early days of The Menorah Journal to his marriage with the impassioned Zionist, Marie Syrkin, with Jewish history and Old Testament quality and the necessity for Jewish survival). And there is one point on which you are mistaken. My poetics too, like Reznikoff's, were already developed a few years before 1930, when I first heard from Zukofsky. I got them from the same source he did, Pound's do's ~~xx~~ and don'ts on writing. So it's not poetic principles that I got from Louis but superlative editing (all of our correspondence at that time came from his editing of the Obj. issue of Poetry and of The Obj. Anthology).

As I take leave of your essay, I see that you write like a loving friend of my work, which quite dizzies me and fills my heart.

What more can I say?
Ces

16 Dec. 1984

Dear Burt:

You must not call me Mr. Rakosi. I flinch at the distance that puts between us.

A taped inter view with me would be fine. If it's all right with you, I'd like to do it in the morning, when my mind is freshest and clearest. I don't know where you'll be staying but you're welcome to stay here, if you'd like, the night before the interview. We can put you up. We have a spare bedroom and even an extra bathroom.

Need I say that I'm delighted that you'll do the piece for CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE?

Best,

30 June 1986

Burton Holler
Dear Burt:

Muchas gracias for cutting out the meanderings and making the whole thing flow better. As it stands, the interview certainly does have the feel of spoken discourse and has much more to say than I remembered having said; which is a very pleasant surprise. I've made some small changes, cutting out repetitions and words like "really", which I see I use in speech for all kinds of inflection, but which on the page are anti-productive, not accurate enough. And I've added a few sentences here and there to fill out a meaning. Otherwise, everything's in good ~~xxxx~~ shape, ready to go.

With some squeezing, perhaps I could make it to Orono. I have a reading scheduled in Buffalo for Tuesday, Sept. 30, and a reading & workshop in Rochester for Wednesday, Oct. 1 and perhaps the following morning; & and one in N.Y. for Sunday, Oct. 5. That leaves Thursday evening, Oct. 2 and part of Friday, Oct. 3 as possibilities. How would that work out for you? Please let me know right away. I'd be coming from Rochester. What & airline would I use and how much time should I give myself? While you're about it, could you get me a schedule? The honorarium & travel reimbursement are satisfac

Sorry to hear about your personal crises. Are they behind you now? Does your doing the interview mean that you'll be getting to the article that Dembo invited you to do for CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE?

If so, I'm completing a brief autobiography for the Contemporary Authors Autobiography Series. You're welcome to see it if you think you might find it useful.
Best,

Burton Hatlen

7/16/86

Dear Burt:

I'm unable to reach Sam Abrams in ~~Rochester~~ Rochester to firm up my date there because he's still out of the country and I can't reach him but I'm pretty sure I'll be able to get to Orono in time to do the reading there on Tuesday evening, Oct. 2, and whatever the day after. So let's go for Option 1. If I have to change that, I'll let you know right away.

Your experience with the illness and death of your mother is somewhat like what I've been going through myself since March. In one week, my wife, Leah, and two of our close friends in San Francisco were found to have cancer. Leah is doing pretty well, for the time being, all things considered, but one of our friends has already died and the other has only weeks to live. So you and I have been in the same place.

Best,

18 Aug. 1986

Dear Burt:

Just heard from Sam Abrams in Greece that Wed., Oct. 1 is satisfactory for Rochester, so I'll be able to take that 10:20 a.m. U.S. Air plane out of there on Thu., Oct. 2 and arrive in Bangor circa 1:45 p.m.. The reading ~~will~~ ^{else} will then be that evening, and whatever you and Terry cook up for me to do will be on Friday morning, Oct. 3. I'd like to leave for New York in the early ~~(or if necessary, middle)~~ afternoon.

You said you had already made a reservation for me for that 10:20 plane out of Rochester. If you could also make one for me from Bangor to N.Y. and send me the tickets, I think that would be most convenient for both of us. However, if you do that, please have them made out to Callman Rawley, my legal name. I'm going ahead now and buying the tickets for the rest of my itinerary. If you don't buy the tickets at your end, let me know right away so that I can do it here.

Best,

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving Street

San Francisco, CA 94122

9.26.81

Dear Micheel:

Well, you went and did it, what you've been threatening to do for a long time, a piece on me. If I were a rabbit (a Freudian slip, I first typed rabbit), I'd give you three blessings: one for accuracy, one for insight, and one for not, thank God, being turgid or mushy. It turns out to be a necessary complement to Martin Rosenblum's Ph.D. dissertation on my Americana poems.

If you're going to have reprints made of it, I'd like to pay my share for ten copies.

Thanks,

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving Street

San Francisco, CA 94122

10.14.81

Heller
Dear Michael:

Seems to me your best bet for your book of essays would be a university press or the new North Point Press (Jack Shoemaker, as you probably know). I'd try the University of California Press first (2223 Fulton St., Berkeley, CA 94720; ~~Waxy~~ Marilyn Schwartz, editor) because they're now doing Brian Ahearn's study of A and would have done my COLLECTED POEMS too if my previous books had been out of print or hard to find. Next, I think I'd try Ohio University Press, and so on down the line. If you establish your credentials in a letter and tell them what the book is about and what need it fills, you'll find out quickly, without having to go to the trouble of shipping your mss out to fifty different places, which publisher is interested enough to give it serious consideration.

I haven't been to the Main Library yet to read your article in Ohio Review but will. In the meantime, refresh my memory, will you, about our brief exchange on guilt. I remember your asking the question and my thinking, "What a strange question to ask (i.e., in connection with poetryor with anything having to do with me). I remember saying "no" in a no uncertain tone and being puzzled as to what you had in mind which made you ask the question. What did you have in mind?

Am I going East? Yes, in the Spring if I can get a few readings around New York to supplement a reading at St. Mark's, where I have been led to understand that I have a standing invitation, and earn enough to cover my expenses and Leah's from San Francisco. I have no particular urge to give readings, so if it doesn't work out, I shan't be disappointed, though I must say that I do like to be in New York about once a year to lose myself in all that anonymous rushing and surging and come out at the other end with my personality more mine than ever. As for you, if you can make it to the West Coast, stay with us. We have room.

~~Waxy~~ Your rabbi,

Carl

Heller
1/21/82

Dear Michael Boychik:

Your rebbe would like ~~to~~ very much to help you get a reading in the Bay area but the people in charge are all goyim beyond his influence and all he can do is give you their names: Frances Mayes, director, The Poetry Center, San Francisco State University, 1600 Holloway, San Francisco, 94132; and Ron Loewinsohn or Josephine Miles at the University of California in Berkeley. The situation south of here is a little more promising: Michael Davidson at the University of California in San Diego, and Clayton Eshleman in Los Angeles. As I think I told you, Leah and I would like you to stay with us if you can make it. Lots of room.

Read your article (twice) in the Ohio Review and was gripped by it. Very good! However, I have trouble with the concept of guilt. There is such a thing, of course, as tangible guilt for specific acts, but what is the guilt that appears in poetry? Seems to me factitious, more like a device for forcing and enhancing subject matter and for "proving" the alleged scope of one's concerns and tragic world-feelings to the reader, a device that works only if one considers experience from a great metaphysical distance, as the Apostle Paul did when he conceived the notion of original sin. All sick, sick, sick, and phony.

Dreadful weather you're having out East now; even worse in Minneapolis where my poor daughter Barbara lives.

Keep in touch,

Cal

5/15/82

Heller
Dear Michael:

Enclosed is my ~~Notes~~ A NOTE ON THE
OBJECTIVISTS for your expanded piece on me. You
might also find something you can use in the tape
which Bob Holman made of my workshop at St. Mark's
the other night. In addition, when you're here,
you can look into my copy of Martin Rosenblum's
dissertation on the AMERICANA, if you haven't already
seen it. And of course we'll be able to talk. My
phone is 566-3425.

See you soon,

p.s. Did I tell you that my archives are now in
the Houghton Library at Harvard?

3/2/83

Dear Mike:

I had heard of your becoming an editor of ORIGIN and was happy for you. Do you & Cid get along all right? It has published good work but too often an extension of Cid. It can benefit from your presence

A book of my collected prose is coming out for my birthday in November (Terrell of Paideuma is doing it), so I have no prose at the moment to send you.... nor poetry either (my last unpublished poems are coming out in Conjunctions)....but give me time, I'll have something.

I'm delighted that your book on the Objectivists is finished and off to a publisher. Keep me posted on its fortunes.

The photos remind me how much fun we had together. Much obliged. And stay with us again if you come this summer. We'll be gone from June 6 to June 20, but after that the coast is clear.

Love,

5/11/83

Dear Mike:

Hooray for Southern Illinois University Press! (isn't that Lincoln country?) And for you who persevered and did it!

You praise the Objectivists? What, do you defy Messrs. Marvin Bell & Richard Howard? and all that ilk, Ugh!

Poor George Oppen has deteriorated tragically since you saw him last. He can no longer write a letter or read or follow adult TV. He is even unsure at times as to where he is or whether he will be able to even sign his name. You can imagine what a terrible burden this has been for Mary, what a trauma. But she's "surviving"...with some professional help from a program for the spouses of stroke and Alzheimer patients. Strangely, though, George's social sense has remained intact, and when you're with him, his actual condition is concealed by his fragmentary reminiscences and you have the impression that he's still all right. Incidentally, you were quoted by Robert Haas at a splendid public testimonial to George on his 75th birthday. He agreed with your perception that George's syntax did for poetry something like what Cezanne had done for painting. I'll be interested to see how you develop this in your essay. When I asked Mary when the Alzheimer symptoms in George seemed to have begun, she hesitated for a moment and then said, with a grin, "At

birth," meaning that to some extent he's always
had some problem with orientation and coherence.
This struggle to achieve coherence is revealed in
his syntax but works out to his advantage ^{in that} it leads
him into interesting syntactical breaks. And ~~xxx~~
his slight dis-orienting drift forced him to find
the most sturdy possible base of ~~x~~ orientation in
his work. Lucky for poetry.

Do come.

Heller
19 May 1984

Dear Michael:

I don't remember now whether you ~~xxx~~ teach at NYU but if you do, would you do me a favor? Would you find out for me whether there's any interest at your school in having me there for a reading, or whatever, next May? That's when I'm giving a reading at The Art Institute in Chicago and I'd like to combine it with a trip to New York if I could. I'm pretty sure St. Mark's will want me but I need more than one reading to afford it.

How's the work coming? Ah, the working world!

Fondly,

30 May 1984

Dear Michael:

Thanks for your help at NYU. I'll ask Bob Holman at St. Mark's to make the contact for me at Cooper Union, as I don't know the people there and don't even have their address.

With regard to Jim Hartz at San Francisco State, I never met the man and our paths don't cross but I'll be seeing Michael Palmer at a party on the 30th and I'll find out if he knows him and would be willing to make the contact.

CONVICTION'S NET OF BRANCHES, a very fitting name for us Obj.s. Can't wait to see it.

Your mentioning Parnassus makes me wonder whom they'll be assigning my COLLECTED PROSE to or whether they'll review it at all.

What's the big idea pulling such a fancy word, synergistic, on me? Is this what they teach you at collitch?

Have a good summer.

Love,

25 June 1984

Dear Mike:

I have two commitments in 1985 as of now, May 17th in Chicago and May 19th in Milwaukee, and may have readings in Minneapolis and Kansas City immediately before ~~xxx~~ or after. My readings in New York should also therefore come immediately before or after my Midwest commitments.

Something could come of a chat with you as part of the program at NYU. I like the idea.

Love,

26 Sept. 1984

Heller

Dear Michael:

The Chicago Art Institute has switched my reading to a later date in May, so I need to know from you how late in May a possible reading or whatever (I am not nudging) at NYU would be feasible, i.e., would not interfere with preparations for exams.

Glorious weather here, which makes us all feel glorious too., and close with,

Love,

Carl

22 March 1985

Heller
Dear Michael:

I could use your help with something. The NEA is offering two senior fellowships for literature next year which are described in the Guidelines as being for "individuals who have made an extraordinary contribution to American literature over a lifetime of creative work" and "who have expanded the boundaries of our literary heritage in work that has taken place at the vital growing edge of literature. Their continued presence on the literary landscape is invaluable to younger writers." That sounds rather like me, no?

Anyhow, the fellowships are by nomination only and the deadline was March 1. A couple of people did nominate me before the deadline but there will be "senior" writers competing for these two fellowships who will be far better known to the panel of judges than I, people like Robert Penn Warren and Stanley Kunitz. I am sure, therefore, that I'll need additional supporting evidence and testimony from others in order to get anywhere with the judges.

The fellowship stipend, as you may know, is quite large and would make a sizable difference in our day to day budget. If it would not be an imposition on you, therefore, and you would be willing to write on NYU stationery in support of my nomination, I'd be very grateful. The address is: Literature Program, National Endowment for the Arts, Nancy Hanks Center, 1100 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506.

Looking forward to seeing you in New York soon. Have you been asked to participate in the Objectivist discussion at my session?

3 April 1985

filled
Dear Mike:

It's not impossible, is it? that the great things you said about me in the letter to the NEA are true. Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were! In any case, how wonderful of you to be so glowing in your words. Hugs and more hugs for that!

So now we know, you and Rosenthal. Very good. It should be fun. In the meantime, can you imagine me on the same platform as Stanley Kunitz, Joseph Brodsky, who seems to have brought new life from his part of Europe to the rhymsters, and Josephine Jacobsen (who is she?) at the Melville-Poe Celebrations at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on May 12th? I can't.

Heller
29 June 1985

Dear Mike:

Yes, I was unusually relaxed for my
NYU talk. Maybe it was the good meal, the good
drinks, the good company before; and the nice
weather, plus the knowledge that I was in the midst
of intelligent friends who would understand exactly
what I was saying. The two questions from the floor,
however, continue to trouble me. I wanted very much
to respond to Armand's question about memory but
couldn't. I know he had something solid in mind
but I couldn't figure it out. Could you? I was left
feeling that I had failed him on an important
question. Eliot's "question" about the presence of
myth in Obj. poetry ^{on the other hand,} I felt to be mischievous and
misinformed and I was annoyed. Did I show it?

I'll be reading with you here on Nov. 14th.
Would you like to stay with us?

Affectionately,

Carl

9 Sept. 1986

Heller
Dear Mike:

First, let me tell you where I'll be staying in N.Y. In all likelihood with my sister-in law, Alma Jaffe, 137 Riverside Drive/phone: 362-6946. There's a small chance, however, that she may have her son from Hong Kong with her at the time, in which case I'll be staying with an old social work friend, Maurice ^{Bernstein} Bernstein, 400 Central Park West, Apt. 18 R; phone 666-2285. So best call before you set out to pick me up.

I don't remember your saying when you'd be driving me out to East Hampton, whether Saturday pm or Sunday am. Which is it? and what time?

I hope you're keeping up the good work and continuing to shun the 3d and 4th cup of coffee. As you know, the 3d cup will make yr eyes pop, the fourth will eventually make yr head look like a billiard ball, and the fifth will positively discombobulate yr gonads.

~~_____~~ from a true ~~_____~~
friend,

Carl

At The Galleries

Karwoski Works

Richard C. Karwoski of East Hampton has had two of his watercolors accepted into juried exhibits.

"Flowers on Toilsome Lane" was accepted to the fall National '85 at the Cunningham Memorial Art Gallery in Bakersfield, Cal. The exhibit was juried by Burt Silverman and will run until Nov. 7.

The second painting, "Tropical Series No. 8," will be shown at the Orange County Watercolor Society Tenth Annual Exhibit in Goshen, N.Y. It will be on display at the Hall of Fame of the Trotter until Oct. 31.

Vered Gallery

The Vered Art Gallery in East Hampton will present a group show from Saturday until Oct. 30, featuring the works of Theodora Gavenchak and Amy Zerner of Springs, Dan Welden of Sag Harbor, and Byron Keith Byrd of East Hampton.

Mr. Byrd's landscapes are inspired by his visits to the Southwest. Ms. Gavenchak does multidimensional works on canvas. Amy Zerner is a fabric artist whose works appear as Persian miniatures in expanded scale. Mr. Welden will include in the show his "Canyon Series," which are large acrylic abstractions.

A reception will be held on Saturday from 6 to 8 p.m.

Adabody At Ashawagh

Al C. Adabody, an artist who divides his time between Westchester County and De Forest Road, Montauk, where he has painted over the last 20 years, will show his work on Saturday and Sunday at Ashawagh Hall in Springs from noon to 7 p.m. each day. An opening reception will be held from 4 to 7 p.m. Saturday.

Mr. Adabody has studied with James Brooks of Springs and Calvin Albert of East Hampton and attended the Art Students League in Manhattan. In addition to earlier exhibits at Ashawagh Hall, his work has been shown at the A.C.A. Gallery in Manhattan, Mari Galleries in Mamaroneck, N.Y., the Picture Frame and Gallery in Montauk, and at the New York State Expo in Albany. He has won the Grumbacher Art award, the Benedictine International Art award, and the US Steel sculpture award.

Peggy Mach Gallery

The Peggy Mach Gallery in the Sanford House on the Montauk Highway in Bridgehampton will show paintings and sculpture by several

Long Island artists beginning Sunday with a reception at 1 p.m.

Bronze sculptures by Peggy Mach, the Gallery owner, and Sally Balinsky, both of Shelter Island, and George Gach will be on view, as will oil paintings by Janet Jennings of Bridgehampton, Nidia D'Allesandro of Shelter Island, and Mr. Gach, and watercolors by William Fitzpatrick.

An exhibit of Japanese kimonos belonging to Yoshi Higa, a Southampton College professor, will go on view at the College's Fine Arts Gallery on Friday, Oct. 17. "Orimono: Antique Japanese Fabrics and Kimonos" will include examples of both formal and daily wear for both men and women.

The antique pattern samples that will be exhibited come mainly from the Kyoto area of Japan and a few will be offered for sale. An orange "bridal over-kimono" also will be displayed. The show will be up through Nov. 17.

Group Exhibit

"Introductions 1986," a group exhibit by artists living in the Westhampton area, will open Saturday at the Patchogue-Medford Library on East Main Street, Patchogue, with a reception and poetry reading. It will hang through Oct. 31.

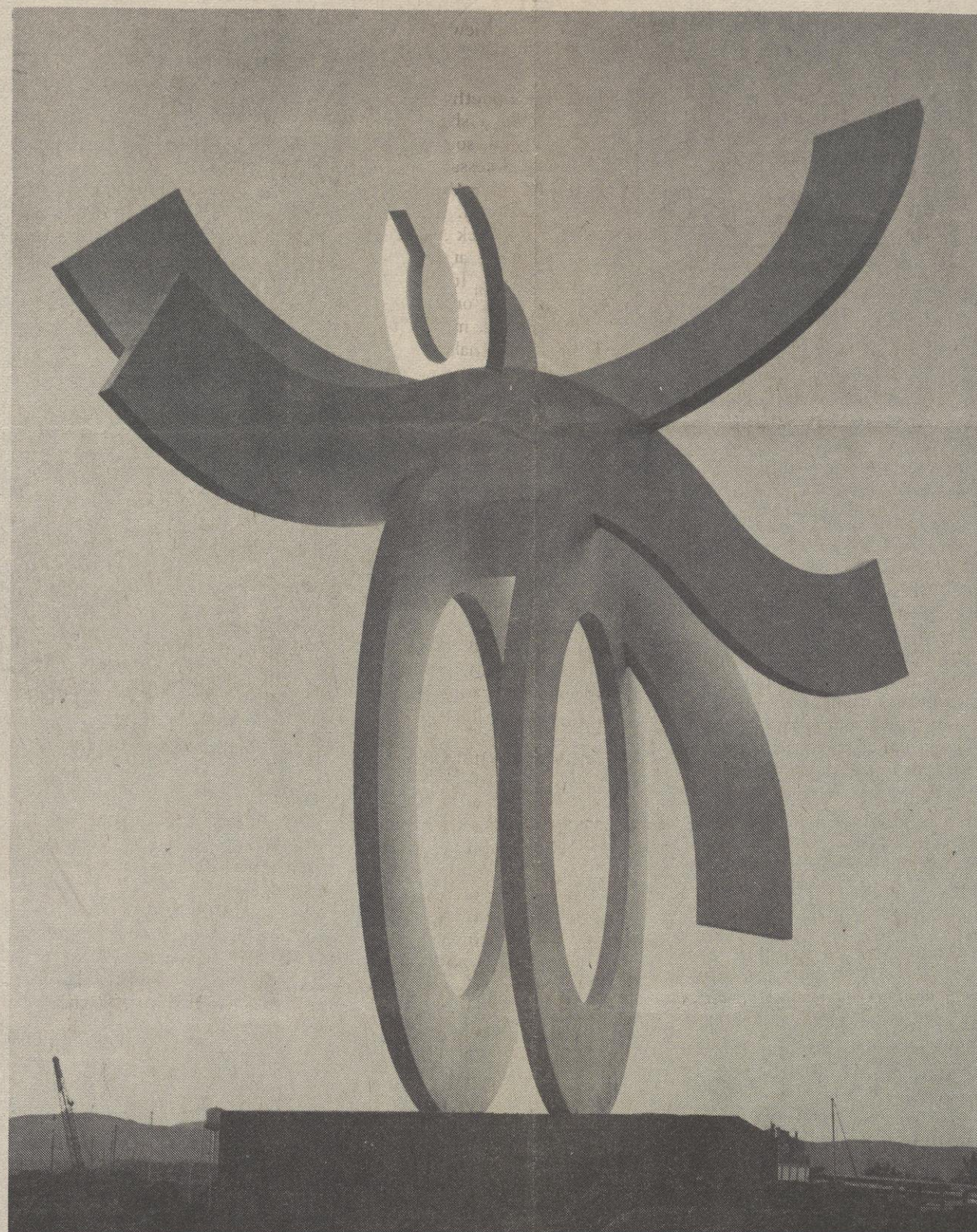
The artists, who form a group called the Hampton Center Gallery Inc., are Peter Marbury of East Moriches, Tina Robinson of Westhampton Beach, and Nicholas Burliuk of Hampton Bays. Ellen de Pazzi, Dan Giacola, Letitia Jefferson, and Sandra Orlovsky will read poems. The public has been invited.

Relationships

Paintings exploring interpersonal relationships will be the theme of "Coming Together/Coming Apart," the new show opening at the East Hampton Center for Contemporary Art on Saturday. A reception will be held that day from 5 to 8 p.m. and the exhibit will remain up through Nov. 16.

The show includes paintings of domestic scenes by Katherine Winn, works of sewn cloth, automobile lacquer, and wood dealing with identity and the aftermath of divorce by Deborah Barrett, works on paper about parent-child relationships by Rachel Friedberg, small, delicate, romantic works about male-female relationships by Peter Glushanok, a large oil called "Lovers" by Jessica McClam, and expressionist figure paintings by Barbara Smukler.

Ms. Winn, a Wading River artist included in the show, and Paton Miller of Southampton will be the guest



HANS VAN DE BOVENKAMP'S 34-foot sculpture "Mariner's Gateway" was spotted at the Bologna-Landi Gallery in East Hampton by Norman Feinberg, owner of the Haverstraw Marina Corporation in Tarrytown, N.Y., who bought the steel sculpture to grace the entrance to his marina. It was installed there in July. Mr. Van de Bovenkamp was a long-time East Hampton resident and now lives in Tillsen, N.Y.

John Heiband

speakers at this week's Sunday night slide talk sponsored by the Center. The lecture is free and begins at 7 p.m.

Ms. Winn has shown at the 1981 Parrish Art Museum's juried show and the Peter Loonam Gallery in Bridgehampton, and was awarded first prize in painting at the Heckscher Museum Annual Juried Show in 1985. Mr. Miller, who does large, subtly colored romantic landscapes with figures, was included in the "Eleven Painters" show at Guild Hall this summer.

Clare Romano of Springs and Manhattan will give a slide lecture on col-

or and the use of drawing and painting in her collagraph prints at the Port Washington Public Library on Wednesday at 7 p.m. The lecture is part of a series sponsored by the Graphic Eye Gallery in Port Washington, the State Council on the Arts, and the Nassau County Office of Cultural Development.

Connections

Continued From II-1

life. What, can anyone tell me, does the 200th anniversary of the United States Constitution have to do with the 15th anniversary of Disney World? Chief Justice Burger, who had, in a letter accompanying the invitation, urged "members of the electronic and print press" to attend, was quoted by the Times as calling the entertainment center a "patriotic and history-minded enterprise." So, I guess, is Madame Tussaud's waxworks, but you don't see Prince Edward getting married there. And who, I wonder, convinced Mr. Daniloff to make the effort to join the celebration, as the Times reported, of the "protections granted by the Constitution." It must have been something to see. But then, of course, it might have been expected. Hollywood had already redefined the Presidency when the Gipper went to Washington.

Helen S. Rattray

Suffolk Closeup

Continued From II-4

paying Reagan Administration post as regional director of the Federal Emergency Management Agency, to have resigned that post and to be at those hearings declaring that the February drill of LILCO's Shoreham evacuation plan "can only conclude that the state of emergency preparedness for Shoreham is virtually non-existent in light of your own regulations and

standards. It is clear to me that there is no satisfactory or workable emergency plan for Shoreham."

Mr. Petrone, who has repeatedly charged that FEMA had been under intense pressure from the NRC, the Department of Energy, and the White House to bend its rules for LILCO on Shoreham, went on to cite "major deficiencies" in the LILCO plan and say there is "enough evidence for the NRC to immediately act and deny any operating license for Shoreham."

Photo Of Son

It took a lot for Nora Bredes, executive coordinator of the Shoreham Opponents Coalition, to be unable to hold back tears as, at the end of her presentation, she handed the NRC board a photo of her son, Nathan. "Along with this other evidence you collect and weigh, you should weigh this," she said. "It argues that Shoreham shouldn't open and it reminds you what you are risking if you allow it to operate." Ms. Bredes is a very strong woman; she has been among the remarkable leaders of the anti-Shoreham battle.

But the Shoreham fight is about life and death, it is about children like Nathan and Kristopher Pito, and it is hard and unreal to try to prevent emotions from surfacing considering the life-threatening nature of what is faced.

The Shoreham battle is about tyranny, about US politicians and Federal bureaucrats and scientists allied with the nuclear industry pushing nuclear technology—even if it kills us. Thus the intensity of the remarks of the many Long Islanders who testified at those Shoreham hearings. Long Islanders have been pushed hard against a wall by the Federal

Government over Shoreham. At the session in Riverhead, facing the Federal Government board, hung a banner articulating the strong feeling of the overwhelming number of Long Islanders. Over the shape of Long Island was the Revolutionary War cry: "Don't Tread On Me."

Holocaust

Continued From II-4

ken by a recounting and photographs of the orderly way in which the Nazis kept fragments of concentration camp victims' bodies.

An older man harked back to the final scenes of the film and said his brother-in-law had marched into one of the camps with the US Army to find survivors "with the withered skin simply on the bone." The "liberators," he said, "had actually debated among themselves if the kindest thing was to shoot them."

Mr. Wartenberg then spoke of how "absolutely fanatic" the Nazis were "to kill Jews," even when it detracted from their war effort. He said, "It was

more important for them to kill Jews than to have victories over territories."

Mass Obsession

He said because of a shortage of transportation, it was "very difficult" for the Nazis to bring troops from Germany into Russia and "many soldiers died from a lack of supplies," but "trains were there to take Jews to the concentration camp."

The war against the Jews was a "mass obsession, part of the Nazi ideology," He noted his Nuremberg interrogation of an SS general named Otto Ohlendorf, during which the general "confessed to me" that he personally directed the murder of 90,000 people and added, "If I didn't do it, someone else would."

Asked by a Southampton professor, Dan Duberman, whether in the world today he saw anything like "what preceded" the Holocaust, Mr. Wartenberg said it may not be happening in the "same way," but cited how blacks in South Africa were being treated and "what other nations are doing to prevent it."

Karl Grossman



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"Hard Rain" was made possible in part by a grant from NYSCA



"NIGHT VISITORS" is the title of this Theodora Gavenchak work included in the new exhibit opening at the Vered Art Gallery in East Hampton Saturday.

Rameshwar Das



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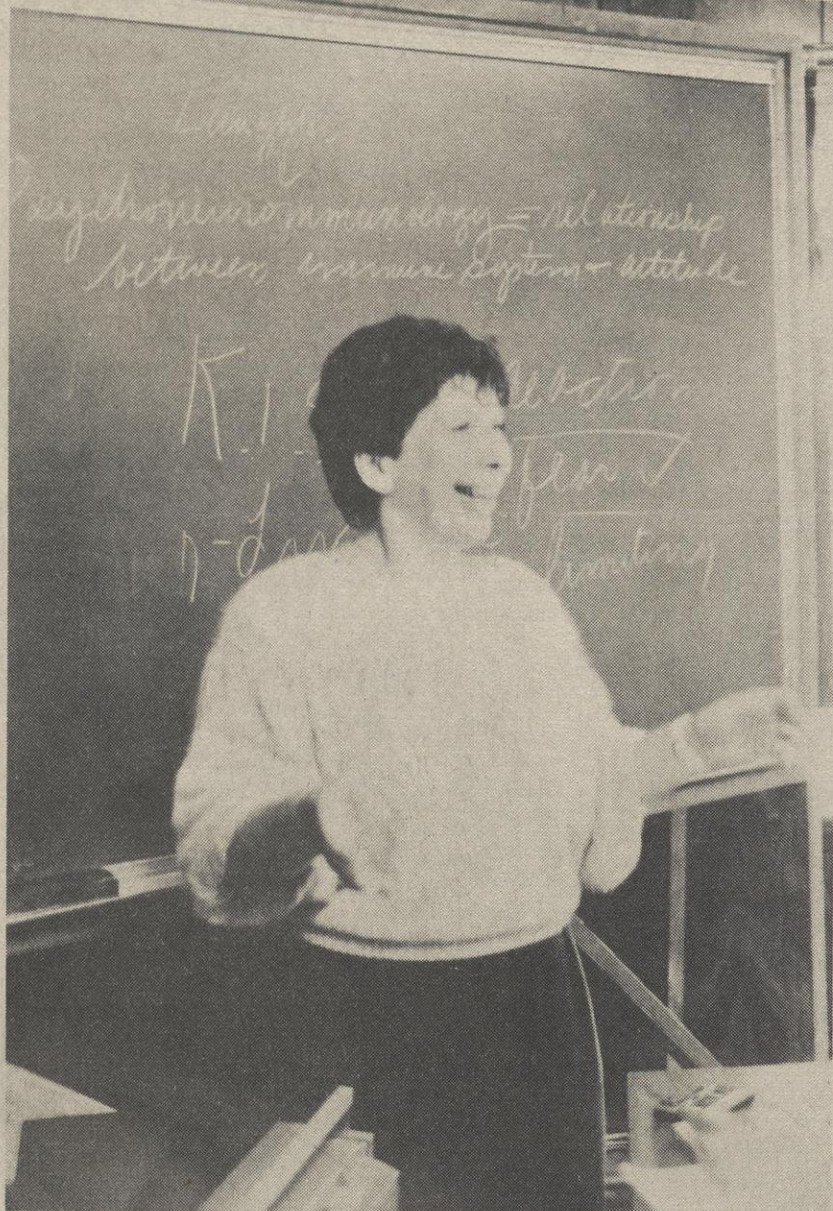
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"HA, HA, HA," says Loretta LaRoche, leading a workshop on the psychological and anatomical effects of humor at Southampton College last Thursday. *Joanne Furio*

Opinion

The Benefits Of Laughter

You can get nine women to play musical chairs, beat their hands on their chests and scream like Tarzan, and stand up and let out a belly-aching, knee-slapping good laugh, all in the name of humor—which is, some say, a key to health in a world in which adults are expected to abandon such child-like pleasures.

"It now pays to have fun," said Loretta LaRoche, a self-proclaimed closet comedienne who brought her one-woman show, a workshop titled "Humor: The Healing Power of Laughter and Play," to Southampton College last Thursday. "Hospitals are beginning to realize this—laughter is a kind of preventive medicine. . . . The medical profession has gotten so far into the technological that it has forgotten the humanitarian."

Ms. LaRoche, believing that laughter contributes to good health, asked participants to rediscover the child in themselves and suggested steps to overcome the everyday stresses that block out what could be a more positive outlook on life. The all-day workshop was sponsored by Wellness Designs Associates in Plymouth, Mass., and Women's Resources of Sag Harbor.

Childhood Days

How humanity has lost its sense of humor is no laughing matter, Ms. LaRoche contends. The culprit, which in the last decade has been responsible for an increasing number of heart attacks among women, is stress.

In order to free themselves from adult worries, the group recalled the more playful days of childhood. "The things that were the most fun were the things that were the most forbidden to do," said one woman.

Having a "sense of wonder is part of seeing the world as a child," Ms. LaRoche said. Did you ever see children look at insects? Children reflect that sense of wonder through about 15 to 20 facial expressions, which, by adulthood, dwindle down to only four, she said.

A source of humor for children, as well as adults, is jokes—but the ability

JOANNE FURIO

to tell a joke isn't as important as appreciating one, Ms. LaRoche said. The most popular jokes are about sex. "Why? Because it is taboo," she said. Next comes ethnic jokes, "relationship" jokes about nagging mothers-in-law and other relatives, jokes about religion, and "sick" jokes that capitalize on often tragic current events.

Jokes are products of the culture in which we live, she said, recalling the "knock-knock" variety of the '50s, the "elephant" jokes of the '60s, and the "sick" jokes of the '80s that capitalize on tragic events—a sad reflection of our times, she said.

What makes jokes funny—or not so funny—depends on whether or not the listener sees life in the same way the teller does, Mr. LaRoche explained. "Know your sense of humor. Is it sarcastic or pessimistic or cynical?"

Science Of Laughter

Those who study laughter, a science called gelatology, have found that infants start the physical process of laughing at around the tenth week, spurred by bowel movement or the passing of gas, which ironically become the butt of numerous jokes in adulthood. "I never accepted that theory about the gas. My kids smiled because they were happy," one participant objected.

By the 16th week children are laughing up to one time an hour and by the age of four, about every four minutes. By adulthood, a healthy person laughs from 100 to 400 times a day, Ms. LaRoche said, but we are often taught to repress those physical expressions of happiness.

"Think of all the children who are punished for laughing," she said.

Laughter is thought of as being childish and in order to be an adult, or what Ms. LaRoche sarcastically called "a dolt," one cannot be funny, she said. One workshop participant conveyed an example. At an advertising agency she worked for, the copywriters "who are so funny and say pun after pun," were referred to as "the kids" by the stoic businessmen of the

Beaux-Arts Ball

Partygoers have been invited to indulge their fantasies Saturday night at the annual Parrish Art Museum "Beaux-Arts Ball." Held at the Museum, on Job's Lane in Southampton, in honor of the region's artists, it has become a tradition for guests to dress as a work of art.

For the less creative souls, this year a group of artists has designed one-of-a-kind masks that are on sale at the Museum's gift shop. Tickets to the Ball can be purchased in advance or at the door from 8:30 p.m. on Saturday; their cost includes music, refreshments, and the opportunity to see all costumes judged.

The Merry Makers, a Caribbean-style band, will play and a disc jockey will provide the music between the band's sets. The Ball has become a local "happening" and was last year quite crowded with costumed partygoers. The challenge to dress "as your favorite work of art" has inspired some to imaginative heights.

Costumes have ranged from simple, solo efforts to extravagant group efforts. Guests will enter the party through a six-foot picture frame designed by Richard Lear and decorated by Rocco Liccardi.

Mask Designers

Among the artists who have designed masks for sale are Ruby Jackson and Amy Zerner of Springs, Neil Noland of Amagansett, David Slater of Sag Harbor, and Donald Kennedy of East Hampton.

The Museum is accepting registra-

tion, with a Wednesday deadline, for a demonstration workshop in two- and three-dimensional paper making Oct. 18. Hanne Lauridsen of East Hampton will instruct participants on how to use recycled paper, plant and vegetable fibers, and natural dyes to make paper.

Anne Mackesey of Sag Harbor will conduct a dance workshop on Saturday. Interested persons have been asked to phone the Museum. Ms. Mackesey, a dancer and teacher who gives classes in Sag Harbor and has performed at the Museum and at Guild Hall, East Hampton, will use "creative body concepts" to show participants "how the body uses space."

Children who attend the after school art group today will make mixed media collages after they have watched two films, "Hansel and Gretel: An Appalachian Version" and "Cecily." Next Thursday the activity will be creating costumes and the films will be "Chicken Soup with Rice," "Alphabet," and "Charlie Needs a Cloak." Both sessions begin at 3:30 p.m. and are open to all children in kindergarten through grade six.

Krasner Film

"Lee Krasner—The Long View," a film portrait of the late Springs resident and painter produced and directed by Barbara Rose, will be shown at the Museum tomorrow at 3 p.m. The 30-minute film covers Ms. Krasner's life and work, her years with Jackson Pollock, and her retrospective at the Whitney Museum in Manhattan.

On Monday the Museum's education department hosted an annual reception for faculty of East End schools. The Museum has also announced it will hold student visiting hours during the school year on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Appointments can be made by phoning the education department.

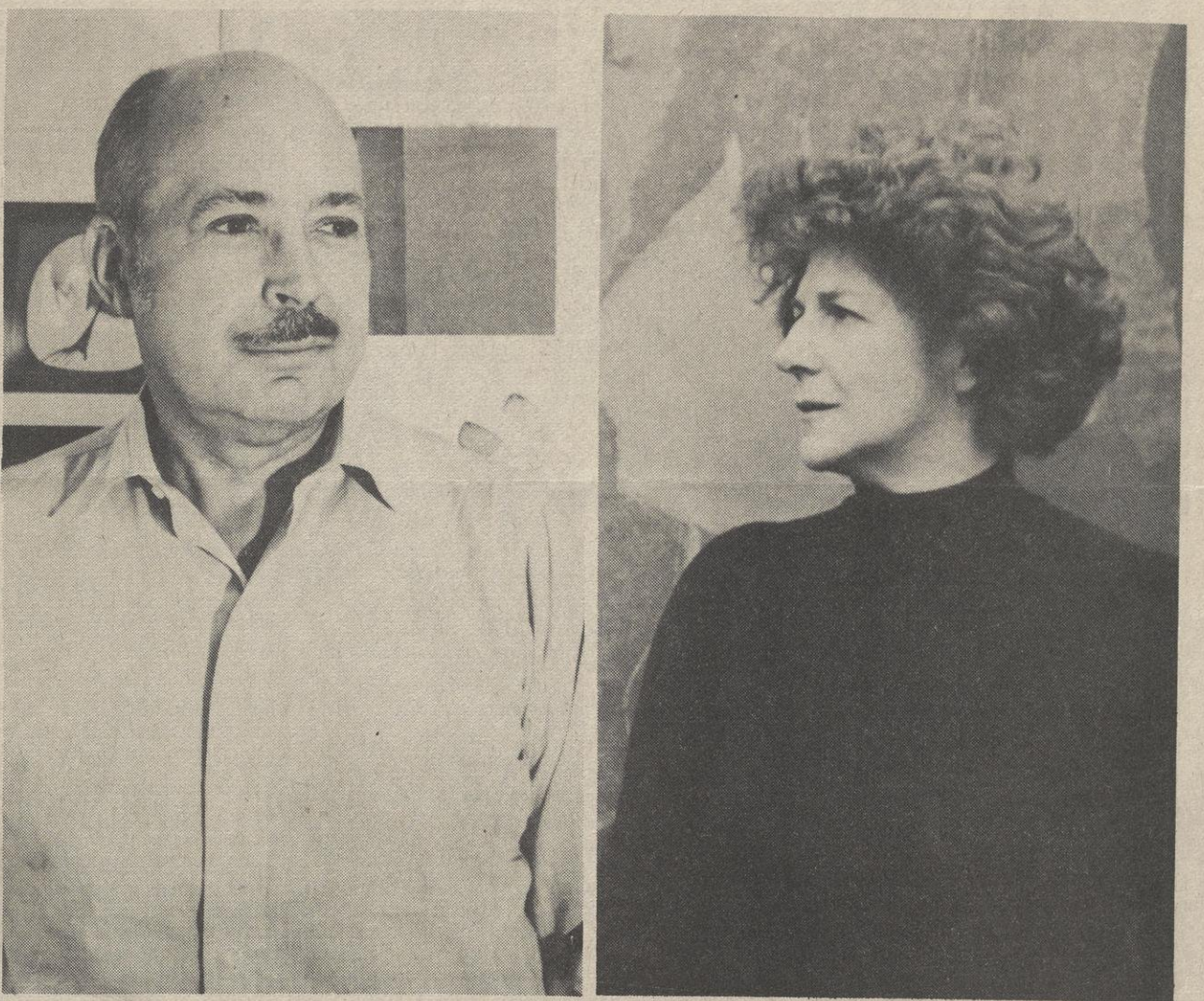
Anatomy Of Laughter

Anatomically, Ms. LaRoche explained, laughing does use fewer muscles than frowning. Beginning with the zygomatic muscles around the mouth, the smile is followed by a contraction of the muscles near the eyes, and finally the forehead. She led the class through a demonstration, which was flourished with knee-slapping and a hearty "ha, ha, ha."

Laughing also stimulates the endocrine system, including the pituitary glands that are responsible for alertness. Dopamine and other hormones that are released from these glands as a result of laughing are chemically related to opiates and heroin, Ms. LaRoche reported. "All those people who are addicted to crack could be standing together shooting up on laughter," she said.

Ms. LaRoche became addicted to the benefits of laughter at an early age. "The first six years of my life were hysterical," she said. Like most, her life came together in a series of stages. Her theatrical flair came out at Hofstra University, where Francis Ford Coppola was a fellow student. She then worked as a speech and dance therapist, and taught aerobics in the late '60s. But after a divorce, she realized she needed "more mind stuff" and studied meditation. "I got tired of lifting legs, I wanted to lift spirits," she laughed. That mind-body connection led to doing seminars with a nurse practitioner who founded Wellness Designs. "Health is more than the body alone. I mean, how many times can you lift a leg?"

The class was led through a game of "musical chairs," with the winner and runner-up being awarded small booklets of positive affirmations at the end. "Wasn't that fun?" she asked the class. "We do things like this for the aging and the infirm at nursing homes," Ms. LaRoche said. "We do this for the retarded, but we don't do them for ourselves."



CLAUS AND HELEN HOIE of East Hampton will be among the artist couples who will discuss "Art and Marriage" at Guild Hall Sunday afternoon.

Art And Marriage

A panel discussion on "Art and Marriage," examining the rewards and problems of sharing personal and professional lives, will be held at Guild Hall on Sunday in connection with the current "1 + 1 = 2" exhibit.

Taking part in the 4 p.m. discussion will be Miriam Schapiro and Paul Brach, Joe Stefanelli and Leatrice Rose, Helen and Claus Hoie, Rosalyn and Sherman Drexler, and Elaine de Kooning. All have works included in the exhibit. Helen A. Harrison, Guild Hall's consultant curator, will

serve as moderator.

Ms. Schapiro and Mr. Brach met at the University of Iowa, and were married in 1946. Ms. Schapiro's collages use scraps of fabric and everyday female items, "celebrating and mocking feminine finery," according to Guild Hall, while her husband's stylized paintings of horses against a western landscape "seem to depict an aggressively male world."

Mr. Stefanelli's abstract paintings range from carefully constructed geometric works to freer, less ordered compositions, while Ms. Rose is known for her still lifes.

Parallels In Their Work

Parallels have been noted in Helen and Claus Hoie's work, in their lyricism and inspiration from the landscape or seascape. Mr. Hoie's symbolic semi-abstract works are said to endow images with mystical over-

tones, while Mrs. Hoie makes paintings of collage in a *trompe l'oeil* style.

Rosalyn Drexler uses photographs and other media to create her images, described by Guild Hall as "at once violent and tender," while Mr. Drexler has concentrated on nude figures.

Elaine de Kooning was an 18-year-old student at Leonardo da Vinci Art School in New York when she met Willem de Kooning, whose student she became and whom she married in 1943. In an interview a few years ago, she described the difference in their working tempos: "He said I worked like Gorky, which is that when I'm painting I keep working on the canvas. Bill spends longer periods just sitting and looking."

The "1 + 1 = 2" exhibit will be on view through Nov. 2.

Play Reading

"The Possessor," a play about Eugene O'Neill written by Eugene Black of East Hampton, will be read Saturday at 8 p.m. at the John Drew Theatre at Guild Hall by William Ellis of Amagansett and Kelly Patton of Sag Harbor. Admission to the reading is free.

Mr. Black, who wrote the play under the pen name Franklyn MacGregor, has written 14 plays over the years. His most recent, "Immortal Beloved," about the love of Beethoven's life, was performed at the Gene Frankel Theatre in Greenwich Theatre.

Mr. Ellis, who will read the part of Eugene O'Neill, is a practicing psychologist and an actor who has appeared in several off-Broadway productions. Ms. Patton, who will play Carlotta, Mr. O'Neill's wife, has performed and directed Community Theatre Company productions in East Hampton.



CARL RAKOSI read his poetry at Guild Hall on Sunday.

AMY RACHEL ZERNER designed this mask for the Parrish Art Museum's annual "Beaux Arts Ball," which usually attracts an unusual and imaginative array of costumes. *Lisa D. Cresson*

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Handwritten note: Carl Rakosi SF CA 94122

21 Oct. 1986

Dear Mike:

First, no lectern for me at Guild Hall; then no mike, which I was supposed to have (when I entered the hall, there were lots of people but no one seemed to be in charge and I assumed that if the new director had not even set up a lectern, she certainly wdn't be able at the last minute to set up a mike); then no check. And as of now, still no c~~heck~~, the amount of which, to avoid further slip-up, should be \$600. Can you help? I don't even know her name.

The more I think about ~~xxx~~ your idea for an Obj. anthology, the better I like it. It wd. enrich it, don't you think, if you included some of our prose?

We send our love,

Keller
Carroll F. Terrell
of The National Poetry Foundation

25 Nov. 1986

Dear Mike:

The scuttlebut is that you're going to be editing a MAN AND POET book on me. I heard that from third parties and also in a passing reference to it on the phone from Terry that moved by me so fast, I couldn't be sure that I heard right. Is it true? If it is, there is available, in case I didn't send you a copy, a brief autobiography that I did for the Gale Research people, and a rather full interview that George Evans and August Kleinzahler did with me.

Have you gotten around to thinking whom you're going to invite to contribute? When you come to that, I have some names to suggest that might not occur to you, people who have shown a particular interest and rapport with my work, among them Eric Mottram (Kings College London, English Dept., Strand, London WC2R 2LS, London), a copy of whose response to *Ex Cranium, Night* I'm enclosing; and Larry Fixel, who's at work now on a response to my *COLLECTED POEMS* which, from what I heard of it over the phone, sounds very solid and, as is usual with him, altogether his own.

What's the latest about a review of the *COLLECTED* in the Times?

Love,

24 Jan. 1987

Heller
Dear Mike:

Nothing could be sweeter than the words from an editor: Go ahead, write your damned review for theTimes (and get off my back). Of course, after your encounter with a state of the art frigate we expect some naval drift, but we'll have to make allowances for that. Anyhow, I'm delighted, delighted.

You may already know that the book has gotten off to a great start in The Village Voice, I'm enclosing O'Brien's review in case you missed it.

Love,

11 March 1987

Dear Michael:

After reading your review, I can't tell you how impressed I am by myself. You weren't kidding, were you?

You did a super-job on me, no kidding! I was relieved that you dealt with the COLLECTED without relating it to the other Objectivists. Hurray! Also I was surprised and delighted that you tackled my most difficult and complex poem, The Transmutation Into English, and made sense of it for the reader. Thanks, friend!

P.S. Jack Marshall also wrote a Class 1 review for Poetry Flash, Thought you might be interested.

23 March 1987

Heller
Dear Mike:

the 16th of May it is, we've noted it on the calendar, and I'll be ready for you with a cup of coffee in each hand, your ration for the day. As for your "sawing away at your poems," I don't like the sound of that somehow. How about just waiting for new poems and then in the dead of night when no one's around, just slipping into them and if they fit in the morning, claiming that you've made a great discovery?

Love,

Carl

17. Louis Simpson. He gave me a big plug in his book, An Introduction to Poetry. He'd be most interested in my AMERICANA.

18. Jim Harrison. He wrote the review of AMULFF for the New York Times in which he said my short poems were stronger than Williams'.
25 May 1987

19. James Laughlin. A memoir from his perhaps as the publisher of my first Dear Mike: three books.

20. Annals Following is the happy band of illuminati, may their works prosper, who have somehow become hard-core, true-blue, top-of-the-line Marxist Rakosi addicts; may their tribe increase, Oh Lord, and honor them in the Man and Poet book. Like Crowley, I think he'll want to say something. Next

1. Michael Heller. Excellent. Blessed be his name!

2. Martin J. Rosenblum. Has already spent years on a critical biography of me. His PhD dissertation was my AMERICANA.

3. Andrew Crozier. His interest goes back twenty years when he was a graduate student under Olson at U of Buffalo. Wrote a very discerning piece on me for The Dictionary of Literary Biography; really interesting. Is doing another for the PEN magazine in London and maybe collecting others for this issue. His deepest interest has been in my early work. ~~NA~~ Suggest he be asked to do a memoir of my visits with him in Cambridge, etc. as well as something critical.

4. Geoffrey O'Brien. I don't sense a strong personal interest but he has a

5. Jack Marshall.

6. August Kleinzahler. He's already done a short piece on my Prose for Sulfur and is doing a personal memoir kind of thing for Exquisite Corpse 11. That's what he likes doing and does best.

7. George Evans. Reviewed my Prose for Twelvepenny Review. Good at criticism. He too would have something interesting to say in a personal memoir.

8. Larry Fixel. He may be interested in adding to the piece he sent you, bringing in other elements from my prose & poetry.

9. Eric Mottram. In a letter he sent me in response to the Collected Poems he wrote that he's always been interested in "the way you walk that edgy line between personal utterance and the statement which resists it." He's sharp.

10. Karl Young. As I told you, he wrote the clearest, most accurate short introduction to my work. ~~XXXX~~ Took me by surprise because I didn't know he even read me.

Others Less Addicted But Nonetheless Worthy.

11. Cid Corman

12. Tom Sharp On the early work

13. Paul Auster He'd be good on The Poet sequence (or anything else)

14. Burton Hatlen on Maxine Perloff?

15. Rodger Kamenetz Now writing a review of my CP for Exquisite Corpse. Has a warm identification with my work.

16. Robert Creeley. He's an admirer. I think he'll want to do something.

lecture on me, along with Ginsberg, at Naropa.

17. Louis Simpson. He gave me a big play in his book, An Introduction to Poetry. He'd be most interested in my AMERICANA.
18. Jim Harrison. He wrote the review of AMULET for the N.Y. Times in which he said my short poems were stronger than Williams'.
19. James Laughlin. A memoir from him perhaps as the publisher of my first three books.
20. Anselm Hollo. We have great rapport. Perhaps something personal from him?
21. Robert Duncan. Ditto. He might be up to it. He should at least be asked.
22. Eliot Weinberger. You know him better than I.
23. Allen Ginsberg. Like Creeley, I think he'll want to say something. Next to Reznikoff I'm his favorite Obj. poet. Is giving ~~an~~ a lecture on me at Boulder next month.
24. Ed Dorn. It would be interesting to see what he'd have to say about the AMERICANA.
25. Charles Altieri (u of Washington). He edited an Objectivist issue of Chicago Review.
- 26 Jonathan Williams
27. Rachel Blau DuPlessis. Great interest in my long poem, The City (1925)
- 28 Armand Schwerner
28. Michael Palmer
29. Michael Davidson. I don't sense a strong personal interest but he has a clear, objective eye.
- Jeremy Adherents in England
30. Jeremy Prynne. As with Crozier, a ~~a~~ personal memoir of my visits with him in Cambridge if he'd rather not do anything critical.
31. Roy Fisher
32. Anthony Rudolf
33. Roy Fisher
34. Gael Turnbull
35. Robert Vas Dias
36. Michael Edwards (University of Essex)
37. Tim Longville.
38. Kenneth Cox
39. Peter Craven or Michael Heyward in Australia (editors of Scripsis gave me a big play in the magazine; quite perceptive).
40. Hugh Kenner. It would be a coup if he would say something but I doubt if he has the interest, anymore than for Reznikoff.
41. Jim Powell. I'm enclosing copy of letter. He's a specialist on the lyric in Greek and Roman times.
42. Jed Rasula and/or Marjorie Perloff? ?him?
43. L.S. Dembo. Almost forgot about him. He deserves a place of honor. He was the first to introduce and promote the Objectivists in academia.
44. David Cope. I don't know how good he is as a critic but he's giving a lecture on me, along with Ginsberg, at Naropa.

45. Fouchault. He knew my early work. It would be interesting to get his considered response to my COLLECTED.
46. Dr. Mihaly Szegedy-Masak (Magyar Tudomanyos Akademia, H-1118 Budapest, Menesi ut 11-13, Hungary). He's the one I told you about whom Prynne introduced to my early work; who was my host in Budapest. Very impressive critic in comparative literature. Doesn't have either of my COLLECTED's. He'd be a coup.
47. Otto Orban, Frankel Lee ut.84, H-1023 Budapest, Hungary). A very gifted, sophisticated, witty young poet, who spent a year at the U of Iowa and could manage an article in English, I think. I have no idea whether he'd be interested but I'd like to ~~xxxx~~ hear what a European has to say about my work. I spent some time with him too in Budapest. He doesn't have any of my books.

Some addresses

Anthony Rudolf, 8 The Oaks, Woodside Avenue, London N12 8AR. Doesn't have my COLLECTED's.

Michael Edwards (U of Essex), 30 Alma St., Wivenhoe, Essex CO7 9DL, England

Gael Turnbull, 25 Church Walk, Ulverston, Cumbria, England

Paul Auster's new address: 458 Third Street, 3R, Brooklyn

Tim Longville, Robertswood, Farley Hill, Matlock, Derbyshire DE4 3EL

Andrew Crozier, Bridges Farmhouse, Laughton, Lewes, East Sussex

Jeremy Prynne, Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge University

Anselm Hollo, 453 South 1300 East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84102

Rodger Kamenetz, Louisiana State University, Dept. English, Baton Rouge, La.

Eric Mottram, Kings College London, University of London, Strand, London WC2R 2LS London

James Laughlin, Norfolk, CT 06058

Heller

Dear Mike:

A correspondent writes me: "Somewhere recently I read a review in which Donald Davie took some critic to task for not sufficiently appreciating your work." So we'd better get him onto The Man and Poet book before he changes his mind. Ditto Ann Waldman, who introduced me in Boulder as a national treasure...but with her as with Ginsberg, not for her critical faculties but perhaps for some memories of me at Boulder and elsewhere.

A third suggestion: Jim Cohn, 90 Kenilworth Terrace, Rochester, N.Y. 14605, a perceptive, sensitive young fellow, still in his twenties if I'm not mistaken, who interviewed me in Rochester. I had a sense of a shy but extraordinary, probing mind.

We're both still out of trouble.

Love
Carl

Michael Heller

4 Nov. 1987

Dear Mike:

How does the change at the top ~~in~~ in
the NPF leave the C.R., Man and Poet project?
Have you heard from Burt? *Ginsberg*

I've been invited by Allen to give a reading
at Brooklyn College on May 9th. If we can agree
on the terms and if Leah remains in remission,
I'll see you then.

Love,

*National Poetry Foundation
Terrell was replaced by
Austin Hatfield as
chairman of the board*

Michael Heller

18 March 1988

Dear Mike:

Here we go again, another trip to N.Y., arrive Friday evening, April 8; leave Tuesday, April 12. My first assignment is in a panel discussion on Saturday afternoon at 3:30; then a reading on Sunday afternoon at 2 pm (both at St. Mark's); then a reading and class participation at Brooklyn College on Monday afternoon (Allen Ginsberg). I thought there would be time to see you when I made my travel arrangements but now I don't know because the events are all in the afternoon. I'll be staying, as before, with my friend, Maurice Bernstein, 400 Central Park West, Apt. 18 R, phone 666-2285. I have your phone number.

I've just learned that Donald Davie has written an enthusiastic review of my COLLECTED POEMS, I think for The Threepenny Review, so he certainly should be invited to contribute to The Man and Poet book. Also Charles Tomlinson, who wrote me warmly after receiving the COLLECTED POEMS (but not in the specific way Gael Turnbull did, so I had the impression he had not read this book, that he assumed he knew what was in it from previous books). Tomlinson's address is, believe it or not, Ozleworth Bottom, Wotton-under-Edge, England (it doesn't seem possible that a letter would reach such an address, does it?). Also: Jonathan Griffin told his good friend, Anthony Rudolf that he wants to be sure to write something for the book. His address is 7, Sharples Hall Street, Regent's Park Road, London, NW1. And two more: Robert Bly and Hayden Carruth. Bly once introduced me to a huge anti-war audience at the University of Minnesota... I think it was around 1968... by only seven words: "Carl Rakosi, one of the great Objectivists!" (couldn't beat that, could you?) to which there was thunderous applause. Since at that time I was not yet known to that audience, it must have meant that they were exultant that my generation had joined them. The other prospect, Carruth, I mention because he was an admirer of my early work. I don't have their present addresses nor do I have any way of knowing whether they have my two NPF books.

Gee, I hope we can squeeze in some time together.

Love,

30 Jan. 1989

Keller
Dear Mike:

I am in no condition^{yet} to write adequately to people close to me although I'm in better shape than I thought I'd be, due largely to the tight protection my son and daughter and granddaughters formed around me and the solidarity of our bond to each other. Of course the real test will come in a few days when my daughter Barbara leaves and for the first time in almost fifty years I'll be alone, night and day, forever, waiting for that second shoe to fall.

In the meantime, a quickie: in the latest issue of BIG SCREAM (which is neither big nor a scream) there's a short article by Joel Lewis to introduce his WPA poems, in the course of which he writes: "These works are in the tradition of two great poems of history: Charles Reznikoff's TESTIMONY and Carl Rakosi's AMERICANA, both of which are drawn from historical record. I share with these great poets the belief that the history of the common person is drowned out in the droning historical narrative of X "important" dates and "great" men. etc."

Did I suggest Joel Lewis as a possible contributor to the Man and Poet? I forget. Anyhow, I've seen some pretty decent critical work by him in the last year.

More, I hope, later,

Love,

Carl

10/27/83

Dear Anselm:

In love again, and so quickly? Mad, mad, but I'm cheering for you on the sidelines, you indomitable romantic. The psychotherapist in me wants to believe everything you say about Jane D.....and I have no reason to doubt it....but it's a prudent observer, and your friend, and hopes you'll let her life style influence you, and not the other way around. I say that because I care and I have this persistent image of seeing you self-destruct in boiler-rooms some day and me standing by, powerless to do anything, and it's very painful. Let her do it!

Of course you're lucky to be free of Jan. If she spent only a month in a psychiatric facility, it means that she's out on medication and that no real psychological treatment was attempted; ~~she~~ take away the medication, and she'll slip back to where she was.

We had a big memorial celebration here too for Ted Berrigan. Bill Berkson arranged it at Intersection. I think something like 60 poets participated, no one to take more than five minutes. I adhered to that but I don't think anybody else did, and the thing went on long after I left. I didn't think I'd have anything to say, but I described my first encounter with Ted at the University of Essex years ago and his non-lecture on the New York poets, and read a couple of his short poems, all of which set up a pleasant rapport with the audience, which was in the mood for pleasant memories.

From a publication called City Arts I send you an ~~a~~ amusing excerpt to remind you of the San Francisco scene.

And how have I been spending my time, you ask? Mostly writing letters to Cid Corman in Japan. He's doing an 800, I repeat 800, page exposition of A and asked me for some specific information about the young Zukofsky. But he has a hypothesis into which he is determined to fit the facts, so that I have to keep correcting him. Not easy. I wind up being corrected, incorrectly, by him. But I keep trying, knowing that I'm not going to have the last word. Add to which, he makes it a rule to answer every letter the same day!

My new book of prose from The National Poetry Foundation is scheduled to be out in about a month. I'll send you a copy, but is 203 E. Mt. Royal your permanent address?

Love from us both,

To Anselm Hollo

31 March 1984

Cher
Dear Ami:

Your response to my books was heart-warming. Heart-warming! And when you added Jane's, that gave me particular pleasure, don't ask me why. I can't make up my mind, however, whether the 8X10 Club was a hard test or an easy one for my prose. Probably an easy one. It's the fucken academic types that give you the cold shoulder. Anyhow I can't imagine a better instrument for my prose to go out on than your rich resonant voice.

It's because I feel a deep cultural (European?) affinity between us that I asked Andre to sound you out about reviewing the Prose book but now that I've done it, a small voice reproaches me. I shouldn't have put you into a position where it would be awkward to say no. As a consequence I'll never know whether you would have wanted to do it on your own or whether it isn't a damned imposition and burden. That's what I get for being more aggressive than I would normally be in pursuit of something I would like.

"muddling ~~xxxxxxx~~ along as usual," you say about your day to day life. How different that feels to you than anything I can imagine you as! It just doesn't go with your work or your speech.

Tell us more about Janx and you and Jane and what will happen if St. Mark's takes you (they're nuts if they don't)/

Have you read Susan Sontag's long essay, APPROACHING ARTAUD, in her recent collection, UNDER THE SIGN OF SATURN? It's Sontag at her most inspired. Also Irving Howe's autobiography, A MARGIN OF HOPE. If you want understand the radical social and political thinking in this country from the 1930's to the present, as it emanated from New York, experienced and deeply reflected on by an honest man, you must read it.

Leah and I continue to be well but our friends fall. George Oppen is in The Oakland Home for Jewish Parents (ironic that he should wind up there; he's never even been inside a synagogue) with Alzheimer's Disease and can no longer dress himself, his memory shot, not able to recognize anyone but Mary and his half-sister, although he puts up a good front, disoriented, and living in continual terror over his mental collapse. And Robert Duncan has been struck with kidney failure, in both organs, and has to live with dialysis three times a week and some modification of that later for the rest of his life. He sounds weak on the phone but not badly depressed, so I could notice. But I see George and August fairly often and they give me a lift. And so would you if you were here.

Love to you both
Rash

12 Dec. 1984

Dear Anselm:

Glad, so glad to hear that you're "hanging in there....with glorious Jane!" Happy news! Ditto your upcoming inspection/engagement party in ol Mississippi (my, how you get around!) and your wedding in June, which Leesh and I will celebrate with Champagne. If wehhad a picture of the two of you, we'd stand it up and try to imagine what you ~~the~~ lovebirds will be doing in England and Finland, while this old lovebird becomes more and more irritable. Cummings said it: "Ain't love grand?"

I wish I could send you at least one poem in exchange for your two find poems, for which many thanks, but I've been struggling with prose (an example of which will be in the next CONJUNCTIONS) and ^{an}unbelievable serendipity of nothings, and have no new poems, either for you or for the Baltimore Sun. Of course, if you don't mind reprinting, I'll pick out something and send it to you. Which reminds me: what happened with Andre in Baltimore? Was his job at ^{the} paper terminated? Being held for him until he returns from his stint at LSU? Are you filling in for him? etc.

I just heard that the Poetry Center at San Francisco State is looking for a new director. I don't know what it pays but they've added a class to teach so as to increase the salary. Applications have to be in by early January. Stan Rice, whom you may know, in the English Department is the one to write to. A lot of people here would like to have you back.

Also, you may know about an opening at X LSU as Program Director for a new MFA curriculum which the University will be setting up next fall. Salary probably \$55,000! The chairman of the selection committee approached me but this comes too late in my life and I recommended you instead. I hope something comes of it.

Our good friend George Evans has been making quite a stir recently, as you'll see from the enclosed feature story in the Chronicle. To top it all, he's earning a very good salary, is treated by the staff, who are mostly commercial artists and PR people, like a delicate child who needs protection from the temptations of business and money, and he's excited about what he's doing. Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

The latest SAGETRIEB, which came this morning, has a review of the Toothpaste Press books by Gary Lenhart in which you and I are lauded to the empyrean and also found to have certain similarities, which may not be to your liking. Thus, Herr Lenhart: "I find no poet so reminiscent of Rakosi as

A selm Hollo.....Like Rakosi, Hollo is frank, amiable, raving, and astute."
Nothing wrong with that, is there?

What a translation you made of Alexander Blok's THE TWELVE AND OTHER
POEMS! I've just come across it for the first time. The original may be
different but I don't see how it could be better.

The L-A-N-G-U-A-G-E poets are getting me down, down. Am I imagining
this or are these bright boys making us look like old dodo's? ~~See~~ Send answer
^{immediately} by Federal Express!

Hewing to the old straight and narrow in your personal life, are you?

Love from Leah & me,



128 Irving St./San Francisco, CA 94122

1 April 1985

Hollo
Dear Anselm:

I thought originally of writing you about a reading in Baltimore but I remembered your deploring how little money you had at your disposal, so I thought there would be no point in asking. Also, starting with an invitation from Chicago, the others just snowballed and filled up a circuit. However, if your fiscal situation down there has changed, it might still be possible but difficult, as you'll see from my schedule: May 10, Chicago Art Institute; May 11, Woodland Pattern Book Center, Milwaukee; May ¹³~~12~~, New York University, lecture on the Objectivists; May 12, Melville-Poe Celebrations, N.Y.C.; May 15, St. Mark's; May 17, 63d Street Y, New York; May 18, leave N.Y. for Minneapolis. Leah will join me in N.Y. on the 13th. For your use if you need it, I'll be staying with Leah's sister-in-law in N.Y.: Alma Jaffe, 137 Riverside Drive, ~~212-624-6246~~, phone, 212-362-6946. My phone here is 415-566-3425.

A surprise, meeting Tom Diventi and your other friend (I don't know which is which; one was tall ~~and~~ and a painter and the other was short and dark and full of sparks). They were my most audibly enthusiastic audience and I think if they had been able, to, they ~~xxxx~~ would have given me the keys to the city of Baltimore. ~~It~~ It was fun. They and Andre and Rodger all spoke very highly of Jan~~x~~, so I felt good when you linked your name and destiny with hers. in your letter.

About the Melville-Poe celebrations, what an odd assortment of people to be honoring them by short readings from their work: Kunitz from Yale, Joseph Brodsky, who has given new life to the rhymsters, Josephine Jacobsen, whom I've never head of, and yours truly, from plain old America.

Well, I do hope we can all meet somehow.

5 June 1985

Hello

Dear Anselm, old friend:

Just got back and rushing this off before you leave for Helsinki.

How full your life has suddenly become, now that you have Jane. I'm with you on this, and can't wait to see you both. I'm delighted too that you've made a connection with Ed in Boulder, which is a pleasant enough place to live in....for a while. In other words, the future is upbeat, n'est-ce pas?

I was startled by the photograph of you. There was Shylock before me, pleading his cause, below what ^{looked} ~~what~~ like some blessed damozel in wraps. Not what you intended, I'm sure, but the camera insists that reality is this way and not that way.

Are you familiar with the Singleton translation of Dante? It's out in paperback too. I'm told it's the most reliable, the most accurate, from every point of view. But I'll look into the Mandelstam too. Grenier's A DAY AT THE BEACH I'm not familiar with. Will look into that too. Do you recommend Arthur C. Clarke? Me, I recommend Calvino, at the moment.

Write, after things have slowed down. There are many things you and I have to say to each other. In the meantime,

Love and ^{all} the best to you both,

Carl

P.S. I was the one who urged Andre to stay with LSU but move to New Orleans, ~~where~~ where I had worked during the Depression.

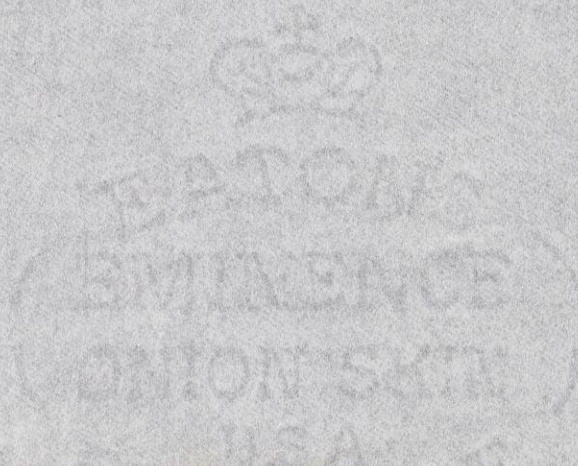
12 Aug. 1985

Holls
Dear Anselm:

I hear bells ringing and Mendel-
ssohn himself playing the organ and family
and friends thronged around you as you and
Jane wed, and wish we were there, although
we could not do more than wish you & Jane
the best, the Best, THE BEST.

Love,

Carl & Leah



19 Sept. 1985

Hollo

(an Exquisite Corpse)

Dear Anselm:

A lovely, loving review. It hit home. Thank you, old friend.

Will we be seeing you and Jane on a visit in the foreseeable future?

Affectionately,

Carl

21 Jan. 1986

Dear Anselm:

I can't wait to dig into the Lagerkrantz (that sounds too much like Liederkrantz, which I also like) Strindberg to learn more about the man who has always fascinated-repelled me, but I don't know whether I'll have the patience for it all. Thanks. I have learned something already from the book that didn't know, that Strindberg also wrote poetry. What's it like? I learned too that in 1884 Max Nordau, my grandfather's cousin, was "another of Strindberg's guiding lights."

How nice that you and Jane will be coming again in the Spring. This time would you like us to invite some friends in?

Love,

5 May 1986

Hollo
Dear Anselm:

I'm not surprised that LSU had to back out: the drop in oil prices must have knocked the pins out from under the economy in Louisiana. But do you have to leave Boulder? Wish I could help.

About Madison you said: "What a numongous institution the U there is." Numongous? Who dat? Incidentally, my oldest granddaughter, Jennifer, the apple of our eye, is a junior there now.

Happy to hear about your new book. Which reminds me, George Evans got a tiny but handsome review of his English book, NIGHT VISION, in the Times Literary Supplement. Just what he needed, as he's been running into dead ends trying to find a publisher in this country.

About us the news had been bad: Leah developed cancer of the the lymph glands and has just finished her radiation therapy. We're both just beginning to come out of it, for after our long years together, whatever happens to her, happens to me. Fortunately her spirits have been good.... better than mine, in fact....and perhaps we'll be lucky.

Hugs from us to youse, and I do mean Jane too.

8 June 1986

Dear Anselm:

Imagine my consternation when I received the enclosed from the U.S. Postal Service. What did they lose? Help!

Busy as all hell on a short autobiography for the Contemporary Authors Autobiography Series. Have until July 1. Don't see how I can make it.

Love,

20 Aug. 1988

Hells
Dear Anselm:

You know already that I'm an addict of yours so you won't be surprised to learn that I danced a jig when I was reading OUTLYING DISTRICTS. Addiction hopelessly confirmed!

There's no good news to report about Leah, so I'll say nothing except that in the two years during which she's been battling cancer, my life has undergone its second great change (the first was when I stopped writing for so long): I've become her existential clone.

What can we do, bucko?

Plenty hugs for you & Jane,

Carl

Re his new book, I sent me
which he had sent me
CP2

10 June 1985

Dear Paul:

Thanks for DINK 18. Quite ~~xxxxxx~~ lively.

Would you like to use the long poem you heard me read,
THE OLD POET'S TALE (18 pages) for DINK 19.

Have the twins arrived yet?

Best to you and Maxine,

Hoover
21 June 1985

Dear Paul:

How nice to know that the twins have arrived, eyes focussed and smiling, that all is well, that Maxine has regained her pre-twins, we hope alluring, physique, and even that you've been stubbing your toes, rushing madly down the hall in the middle of the night for the babies' bottles.

Will you have time to see Leah and me when you're here? There's a chance ~~we~~ we'll be up in the wine country with friends for a couple of days during July but the rest of the month will be free.

I'm sorry but THE OLD POET'S TALE is the only unpublished or to-be published poem I have now. It's true, I'll be writing up the talk I gave at New York University on the Objectivists but that I must send to Contemporary Literature, which has asked Burton Hatlen, who did a perceptive critical postscript in my COLLECTED PROSE book, to write a critical overview of my work. But for the future, when is the cut-off date for mss in any particular year?

Best,

Hoover
His book, Somebody Talks a Lot

17 Aug. 1985

Dear Paul:

Not knowing your work, I didn't know what to expect of SOMEBODY TALKS A LOT (who is that somebody in the title....not in the poem....,by the way?). I was immediately disarmed by THIRTY-THREE. From then on, things moved fast and all around, and the voice was light and playful, as if it were only a chatter, but it was obviously more, and that concealment is part of the charm. It has also the naturalness of street talk and a fast, story quality, held in check by poetic distance. Not to mention gayety and moments of hilarity, and amused and, on the whole, kindly perceptions of what goes wrong, none more that in yourself (always pleasing to a reader). The way you put this reminds me of Ashberry but you reach a destination, which he does not choose to do...or is perhaps prevented from doing by his personality....and you have a distinctive voice, not a small achievement at your age. Need more?

In his last letter, Messerli told me he was putting an anthology together and that he was starting with the Objectivists. Maybe that's what interested J and Glassgold. Otherwise it doesn't make sense to me either.

Love to you and Maxine and the twins....a bit less demanding by now perhaps?

Hoover

30 August 1985

(Hoover's new book of poetry)

Dear Paul:

There were indications in SOMEBODY
TALKS A LOT that you had serious ^{as well as prankish} designs on
the reader. I was glad to hear, therefore,
that these would be making their appearance
in the new book with The Figures. All play
and no nitty gritty, I don't need to tell you,
in time becomes tiresome.

Now that you've taken Kleinzahler's work
for Oink, I realize that I should have suggested
that you ask George Evans for contributions
too. His work is every bit as strong and ~~interesting~~ in
interesting and talented. Perhaps there is
still time. I saw him yesterday and suggested
that he send you something right away.

Love to you and Maxine and the twins, who
if you survive the first year, will make
indomitables of you.

Carl

12 June 1987

Hoover
Dear Paul:

The high intellectual spirits and
jinks, the wit, the brisk, mental work-outs,
the surprises, of IDEA....it's quite a book.
Exciting! Thanks so much for thinking of me.
And hugs to you and Maxine and the family.

Carl